

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

# MILITARY

SM  
★  
8



AUGUST  
No.1

## COMICS

Starring That new  
COMIC  
SENSATION  
**BLACKHAWK**

**2** New!  
**BOOKS**  
*in ONE!*  
**10¢**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



BOYS! ENTER NOW! CONTEST ENDS JULY 25th! START SHOOTIN' TO

# WIN ONE OF THESE 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO

## 210 PRIZES GIVEN!

### 1st and 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSES-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Rancho!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pikes Peak, Garden of The Gods. Then cowboy life on the Rancho—a mountain pack-trip—visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. SEE Fred Harman actually DRAW his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!—What a contest! Enter!

### Portable HOMERECORDER RADIO PHONOGRAPH RECORDIO JR.

5 THIRD PRIZES

Win one of these 5 beautiful, amazing new RECORDIOS—the WONDER MACHINE of the 20th Century! Carry anywhere. Make home records of your voice, instrument, play back instantly. Use also as radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio programs! Complete with "mike," 6 blank recording discs. VALUE each . . . \$39.95



### DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL

101 FOURTH PRIZES

Win one of these 101 DAISY Targeteer Air Pistol Outfits with 500 Targeter-Shot, "Spinning Birds" Targets, 25 Target Cards. \$200 Back-stop. VALUE each: . . . \$2.00



### GUN BRACKETS

Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wooden cut-outs of Red Ryder's famous horse "THUNDER." VALUE each \$1.00



### and The Fred Harman Award

FLASH! 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a PAIR of HANDMADE COWBOY CHAPS from Fred Harman, Cartoonist as his PERSONAL GIFT!



**RED RYDER CARBINE**  
ONLY \$2.95

WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG

—get one NOW—at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store! If Dealer is sold out or no Daisy Dealer near you—rush us the price of the Daisy, you want—we'll send it postpaid! (Duty added in Canada on all rifles.)

DUTY ADDED IN CANADA

Shoot a GOLDEN Banded 1000 SHOT **RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE** Enter Daisy's BIG SHOOTIN' CONTEST Now! ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN' CONTEST

Pump Repeater, 50-Shot, Forced-Feed Magazine . . . \$4.50 ORIGINAL LIGHT-NING-LOADER 500-shot . . . \$2.50

Other Daisys not illustrated: Buck Jones Special, 60-shot outdoor model, \$3.50—Nicked 500-shot repeater, \$1.95—Single Shots at \$1 and \$1.50.

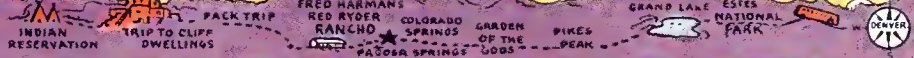
USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BEST FOR TARGET SHOOTING IN DAISYS, KINGS

### CONTEST RULES

- (1) Each contestant must shoot an Official Target and complete THE SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in 20 words or less. Sentence must be written in space provided on Official Target.
- (2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. ALL Targets and completed SENTENCES must be received at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.
- (3) Any air rifle using BB type shot may be used.
- (4) Contestants may be of any age up to and including 16 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and must be residents of the Continental United States.
- (5) Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filled in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be returned to you free at your Daisy Dealer. If you write us direct for Free Official Target, enclose 3c stamp to cover our mailing-handling cost of sending Official Target to you.
- (6) Contestants must submit only one Official 5-Ball Target. They must shoot at each bull's-eye 5 times. Each Target must record a total of 25 shots. If more than 25 shots appear on any one target, the 25 lowest count for score. These 25 shots must be shot consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.
- (7) Standing position without artificial support must be used.
- (8) Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Score.
- (9) PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Target score plus aptness of thought in finishing the SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in 20 words or less.
- (10) Decision of the Judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target for complete rules.

ENTER now and shoot to win! Every boy in the U.S.A. has the opportunity to WIN one of those TWO FREE RANCH TRIPS—plus Fred Harman's own PERSONAL GIFT of Hand-Made Chaps—or one of 5 new portable RECORDIO JR. Homerecorder Radio Phonograph Wonder Machines each worth \$39.95—or one of 101 Genuine Daisy Targeteer Target Pistols—or one of 100 pairs of Horse-Head Gun Brackets! Think of the FUN you'll have shooting your Official Target! Tell your friends about this great DAILY SHOOTIN' CONTEST! If you haven't any air rifle

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET and ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS or Write Us! Do this today—now! Official Contest Target contains all Rules, Instructions, and is also your Entry Blank. Go after one of those 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry!



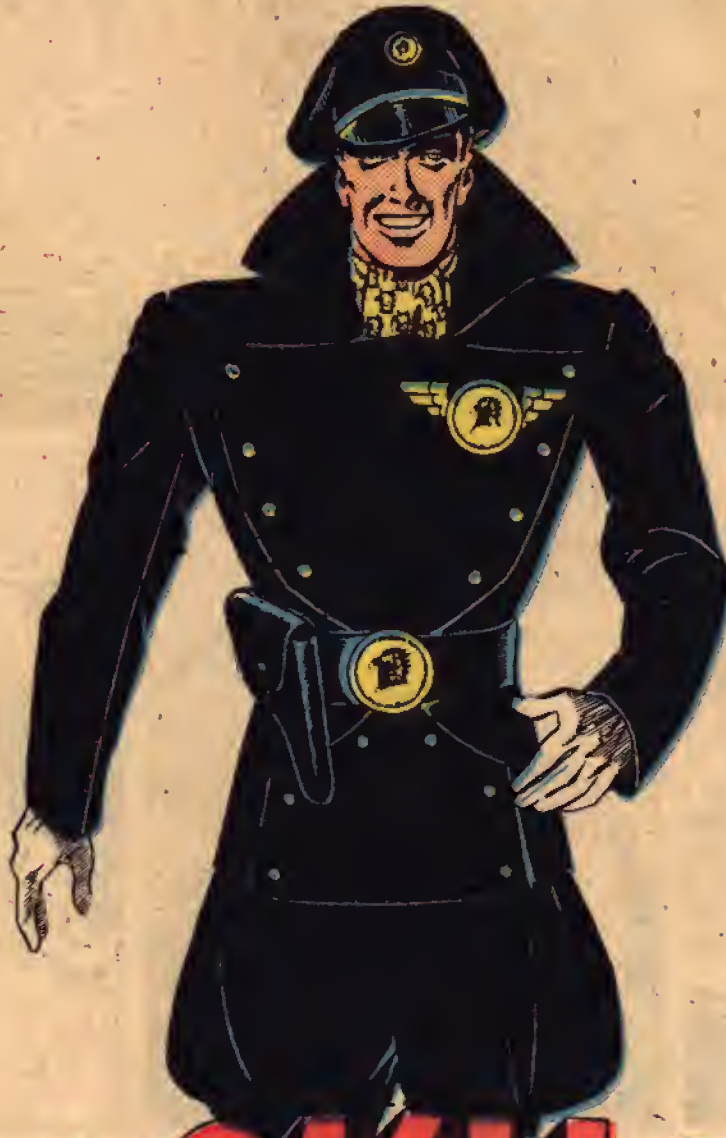
# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 497 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



★ **ARMY** ★  
**SECTION**

STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION ON LAND  
**BOOK 1.**



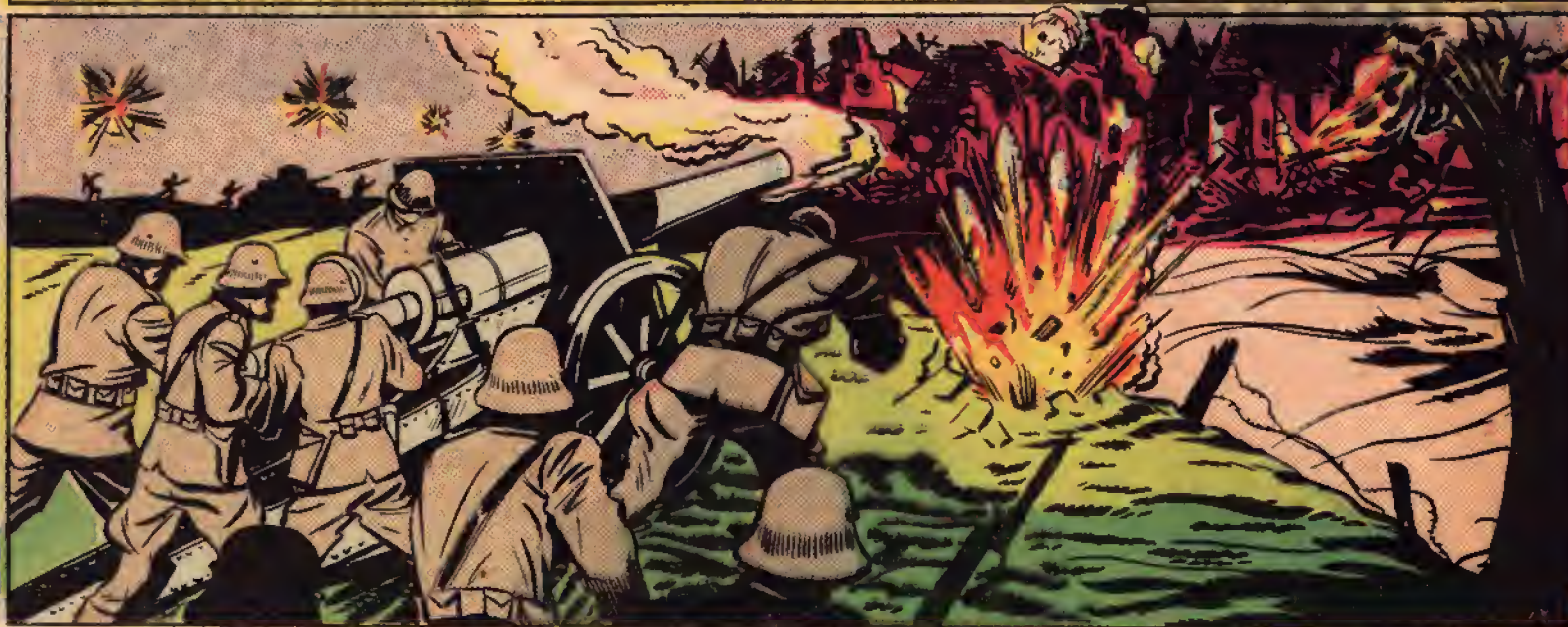
# BLACKHAWK

*Charles Cuidera*

HISTORY HAS PROVEN THAT WHENEVER LIBERTY IS SMOTHERED AND MEN LIE CRUSHED BENEATH OPPRESSION, THERE ALWAYS RISES A MAN TO DEFEND THE HELPLESS... LIBERATE THE ENSLAVED AND CRUSH THE TYRANT... SUCH A MAN IS **BLACKHAWK**... OUT OF THE RUINS OF EUROPE AND OUT OF THE HOPELESS MASS OF DEFEATED PEOPLE HE COMES, SMASHING THE EVIL BEFORE HIM...



POLAND, 1939 ... THE POWERFUL ARMIES OF NAZI GERMANY MARCH ON THE FAST-CRUMBLING CITY OF WARSAW ... THE REMAINS OF THE DEFENDING AIRFORCE STRIVE VALIANTLY TO STEM THE ANGRY TIDE WHICH IS SWEEPING OVER THE EUROPEAN CONTINENT ...



MEANWHILE, AT NAZI HEAD-QUARTERS ... THE OFFICE OF CAPTAIN VON TEPP ...

JA, HERR CAPTAIN ... THEIR ARMIES HAVE FLED, BUT THEIR AIRFORCE STILL RESISTS OUR ADVANCE!!



SO? WE SHALL SEE!! ORDER OUT MY SQUADRON ... I WILL GO MYSELF AND BLAST THEM FROM THE SKY!!!

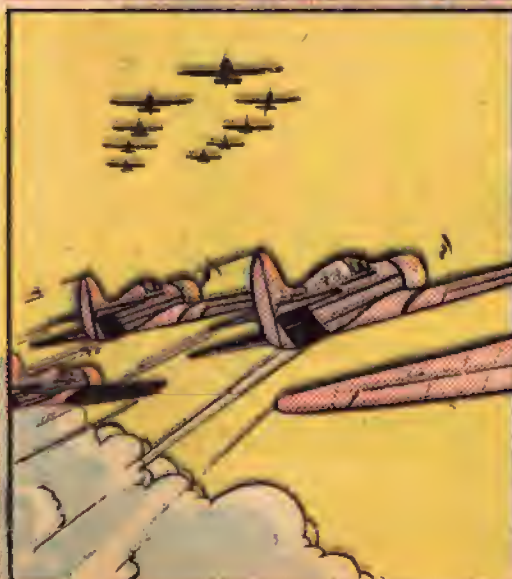
JA, HERR CAPTAIN!!



SOON, ON WINGS OF DEATH VON TEPP'S FAMOUS BUTCHER SQUADRON SWARM OVER BESIEGED WARSAW...



OUTNUMBERED FOUR TO ONE, THE POLES WHIRL TO MEET THEM ... BEARING THE FATE OF POLAND AND EUROPE ON THEIR FLASHING WINGS ...



BUT ONE BY ONE THEY FALL ... AND AS EACH VICTIM HURTTLES EARTHWARD, A NEW WOUND IS INFLICTED DEEP INTO THE ALREADY DYING POLAND..



AT LAST, ONLY ONE JET-BLACK PLANE REMAINS TO COMBAT VON TEPP'S BUTCHERS ...





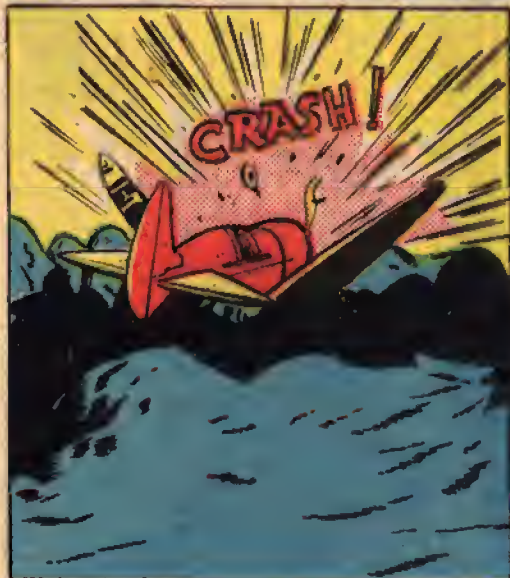
ACH! BRUNO, WHAT A FLYER THAT ONE IN THE BLACK PLANE IS!! LOOK! ALREADY HE HAS SHOT DOWN SIX OF OUR MEN!! LOOK AT HIM, HE'S FEARLESS!!



UNABLE TO OVERCOME THE GREAT ODDS, THE LONE PILOT IS FINALLY HEMMED IN, AND...



MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING THE WITHERING HAIL OF LEAD, THE MYSTERIOUS FLYER EXPERTLY PANCAKES THE SHIP DOWN ON THE BROKEN GROUND...



LOOK AT THAT FOOL RUN!! I WILL FINISH THAT DOG ONCE AND FOR ALL!! HEH!! HEH!!



PUTTING HIS PLANE INTO A SCREAMING DIVE, VON TEPP PLUMMETS DOWN, STRAIGHT AT HIS HELPLESS ENEMY...



PULLING UP SHARPLY THE NAZI ACE DROPS A BOMB WHICH NARROWLY MISSES HIS HUMAN TARGET...



UNHURT BY THE BLAST, THE FLYER RUSHES TO THE DEMOLISHED FARMHOUSE...



JACK!! CONNIE!! WHERE ARE YOU!!? JACK!!



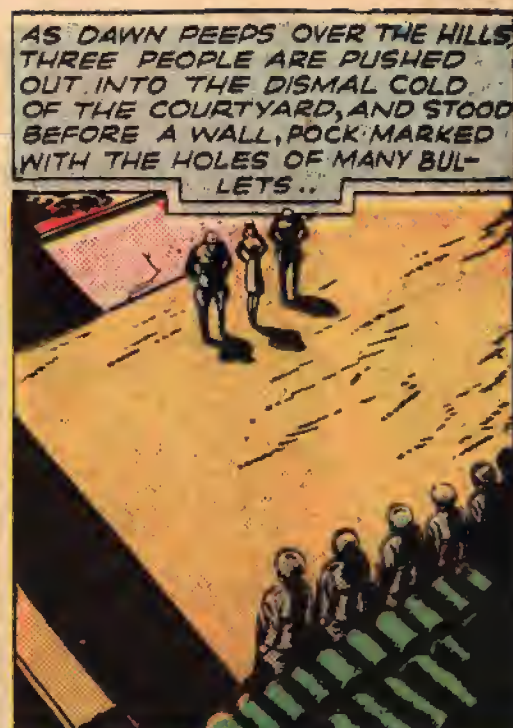
H..HERE I AM!! I..IT'S NO USE, BROTHER! C..CONNIE WAS KILLED RIGHT A..AWAY... I'M ABOUT D..DONE IN TOO... SAVE... SAVE YOURSELF!!

















INSTANTLY ALL IS A BEDLAM...  
HOARSE CRIES OF MEN IN COM-  
BAT AND THE SMASH OF FISTS  
AGAINST FLESH ECHO THROUGH-  
OUT THE ANCIENT COURTYARD...



...IN THE MIDST OF THE FRAY LOOMS THE  
HEROIC FIGURE OF BLACKHAWK...TOS-  
SING THE NAZIS ABOUT LIKE RAG  
DOLLS...



BUT VON TEPP NEVER  
LEARNED TO FIGHT  
WITH HIS HANDS...



WHY CAPTAIN!! SUCH  
SHOCKING MANNERS!!  
LEAVING WITHOUT  
SAYING GOODBYE ???  
TSK! TSK!



A FINE PIECE  
OF WORK,  
MISS...VERY  
COOL-HEAD-  
ED INDEED!!



BUT.. YOU WOULDN'T  
HAVE GOTTEN FAR,  
VON TEPP... MY MEN  
SURROUND THIS PLACE...  
BAKER.. FREE THE  
PRISONERS AND  
HERD THIS BUNCH  
INTO THE PLANES!!



YOU 'EARD THE  
GUV'NOR, LADS...  
'OP TO H'IT...  
LIVELY NOW!!



BLINDFOLD THEM AND  
TAKE THEM TO THE  
ISLAND !!!



...AND AS FOR YOU, MY  
FRIEND... WHEN WE GET TO  
THAT ISLAND YOU'RE  
GOING TO PAY AN OLD DEBT!  
...INVOLVING ONE BOMBED  
FARMHOUSE AND TWO  
DEAD KIDS!!





HOUR AFTER HOUR THE GIANT BOMBERS WING THEIR WAY EASTWARD, UNTIL AT LAST A TINY ISLAND APPEARS BELOW THE CLOUDS...



SWOOPING LOW THEY DROP THEIR WHEELS AND GLIDE ON TO A CONCEALED LANDING FIELD...



WHY HAVE I BEEN BROUGHT HERE?? I DEMAND MY INSTANT RETURN TO ENGLAND!!!

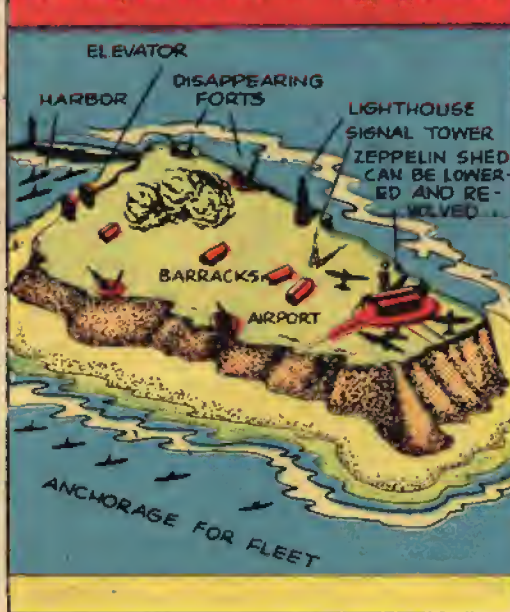
MY DEAR YOUNG LADY... IF IT'S YOUR PRECIOUS NECK YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT...



... I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT WE HAVE ALL THE FACILITIES TO DEFEND OURSELVES IN THE EVENT THAT WE ARE DISCOVERED!!!



# BLACKHAWK'S ISLAND



... AND NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME... YOUR HIGHNESS...

OH.....!!!



VON TEPP... YOU AND I HAVE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS... AFTER YOU, PLEASE...



THERE ARE THE PLANES, VON TEPP... YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE...

ACH! YOU ARE TOO KIND, MY FRIEND!!



I DON'T WISH TO OFFEND YOU, YOU UNDERSTAND... BUT I WOULD LIKE TO EXAMINE THESE MACHINES, HERR BLACKHAWK...

HELP YOURSELF!!





THIS IS THE ONE I CHOOSE...  
JA! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER...  
I PRESUME YOU ARE AWARE  
THAT I AM CONCEDED TO BE  
THE BEST FLIER  
IN ALL EUROPE?!

DON'T COUNT  
ON IT, VON  
TEPP...



AS **BLACKHAWK** TURNS TO SPEAK  
TO ONE OF HIS MEN, VON TEPP,  
SEEING HIS CHANCE, LOOSENS  
THE GAS VALVE ON **BLACKHAWK'S**  
PLANE...



PERHAPS  
YOU WILL  
TELL ME,  
HERR **BLACK-  
HAWK**, WHAT  
THIS IS ALL  
ABOUT?!

GLADLY, VON TEPP...  
REMEMBER **WARSAW**..  
1939.. ONE **LONE FLIER**  
OPPOSING YOUR  
BUTCHER SQUADRON  
...HOW YOU TRIED TO  
BOMB HIM AS HE  
CLIMBED FROM THE  
WRECKAGE... I AM  
THAT MAN, VON TEPP..  
AND THAT BOMB  
KILLED MY SISTER  
AND BROTHER!!!



... AND REMEMBER ... ONLY  
ONE OF US WILL COME  
BACK ALIVE!!!

GULP!!

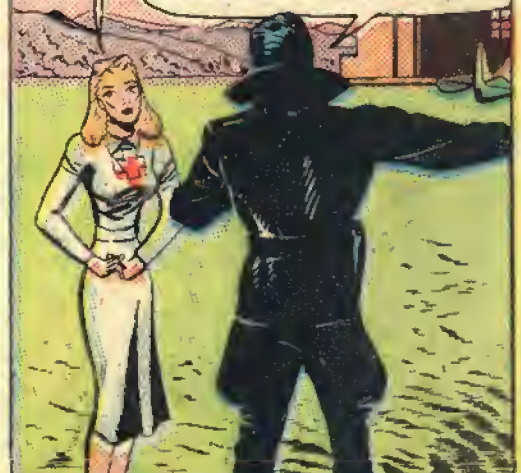


THEIR MOTORS ROAR INTO LIFE  
AS THE TWO FOREMOST ACES  
OF THE WORLD RISE INTO  
BATTLE...



DO YOU THINK HE'LL BE ALL  
RIGHT?? I COULDN'T BEAR..ER..  
I..I MEAN..WELL, VON TEPP IS SO  
TERRIBLY  
DANGEROUS!!

SHED YOUR TEARS  
FOR VON TEPP  
BABY... THE BOSS CAN  
TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!



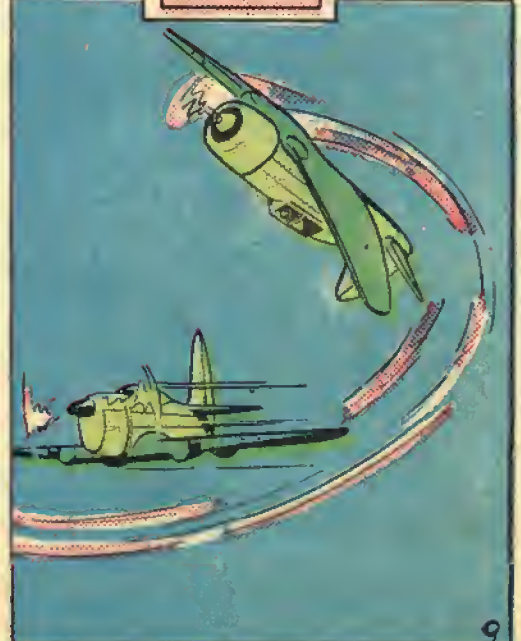
MEANWHILE, ON A BATTLEFIELD OF  
FLEECY CLOUDS, THE TWO WAR-  
RIORS TWIST AND TURN IN AN  
ATTEMPT TO DEAL A FATAL  
BLOW...



FLAME LEAPS FROM VON TEPP'S  
GUNS AS HE DIVES ON **BLACK-  
HAWK'S** TAIL...



A SWIFT IMMELMAN AND **BLACK-  
HAWK** STREAKS OUT OF HARM'S  
WAY...

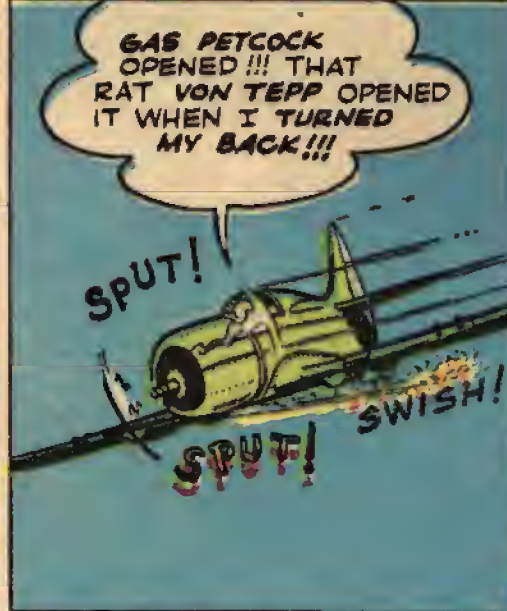




SUDDENLY, AS BLACKHAWK ROCKETS BENEATH VON TEPP, THE DAMAGED GAS VALVE TEARS LOOSE ...



THE MOTOR COUGHS AND SPUTTERS AS THE PRECIOUS GAS POURS OUT IN A STEADY STREAM.



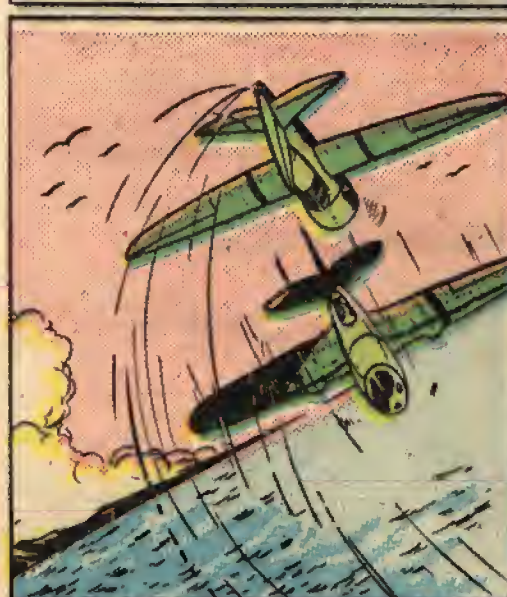
HERE HE COMES !! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING... CAN'T GO DOWN LIKE THIS !! ONLY ONE CHANCE !!!



VON TEPP DIVES FOR THE KILL ...



LEADING HIS CRAFTY OPPONENT ON, BLACKHAWK SUDDENLY LOOPS IN A SHARP BACKFLIP ...



... AND DELIBERATELY CRASHES INTO THE NAZI'S PLANE ...



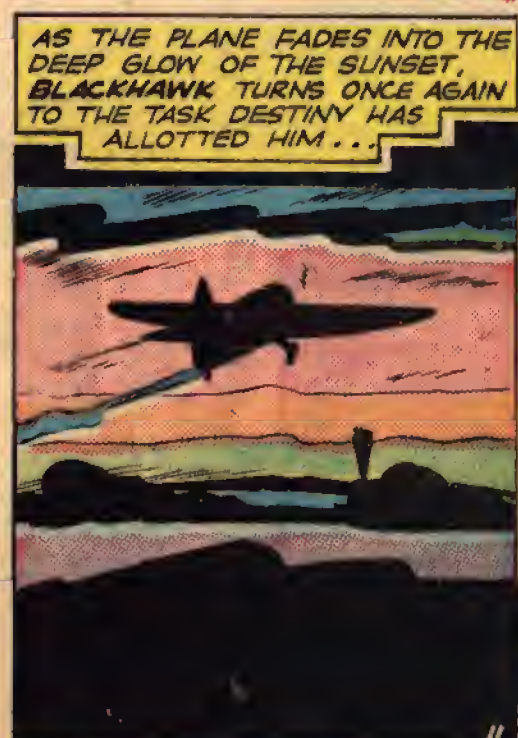
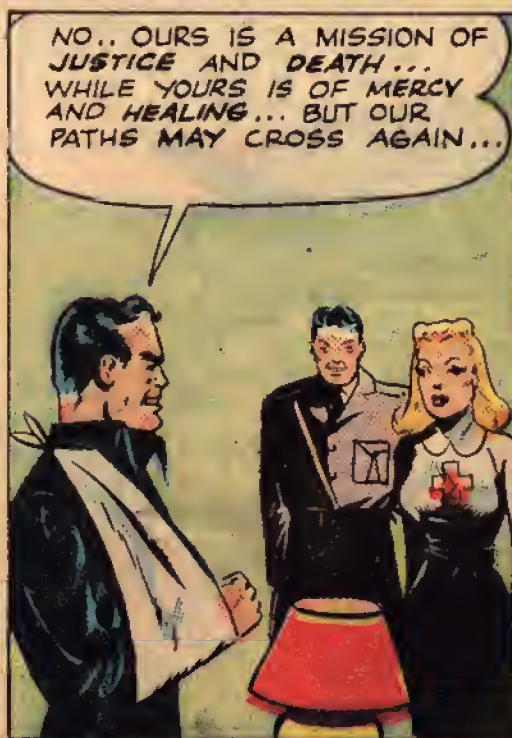
LIKE GIANT WOUNDED BIRDS, THEY FLUTTER CRAZILY EARTHWARD ...



FROM THE SMOLDERING WRECKAGE STAGGERS ONLY ONE TORN AND BATTERED FIGURE ...









AS THE BROKEN WHEEL HITS THE GROUND, IT BUCKLES UNDER, AND THE SHIP RIPS OVER ON ONE WING AND BURLS ITS NOSE INTO THE GROUND...



BOY! YOU SURE SET THIS CRATE DOWN BEAUTIFULLY!! GET ME OUTA HERE, YOU CHUMP!!



MISTER BARROWS! JUST WHAT THE BLAZES WAS THE BIG IDEA OF TAKING A FLIGHT IN A GOVERNMENT PLANE??!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! ... NO! WAIT! HAVEN'T YOUR CONTRACTS AS TEST PILOTS ALMOST EXPIRED?? WELL, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT ANY LONGER, MR. BARROWS! YOU'RE THROUGH!! BUSTED OUT! WASHED UP!! GET OUT!! GET OUT, BEFORE I HAVE YOU BOTH SHOT!!



AN HOUR LATER THE AVIATORS WALK THROUGH THE HILLS TO - WARD CHUNG SOW ...

WELL, WISE GUY, I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!! I TOLD YOU SO!!



I DON'T MIND BEING OUT OF A SOFT JOB... WE WERE GOING TO QUIT ANYWAY, BUT WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF BOUNCING ME ON MY HEAD??

AW, DRY UP!!



HEY, LOOK! THERE'S A CAVE ... LET'S TAKE A SNOOZE, I'M ABOUT DONE IN!

OK.



TWO HOURS LATER A PAIR OF SNIPERS FROM THE INVADER'S ARMY PASS THE CAVE, TALKING SOFTLY ...



PSST! HEY, LOOPS... LOOK!! A COUPLE OF ENEMY SOLDIERS.. I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO?

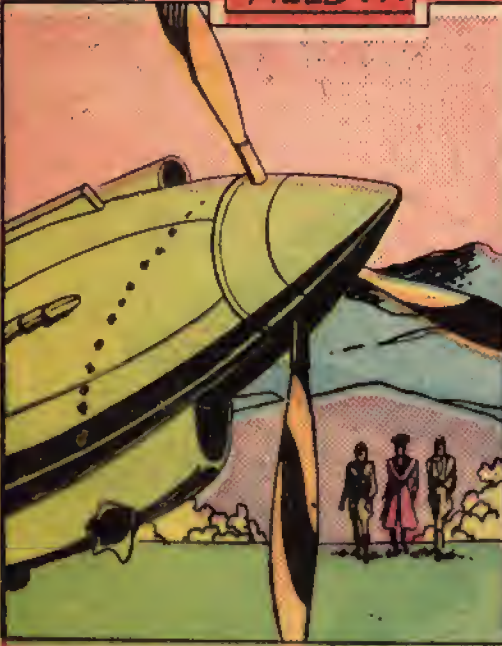








AN HOUR LATER THEY ARRIVE  
AT THE GUERRILLA FLYING  
FIELD...

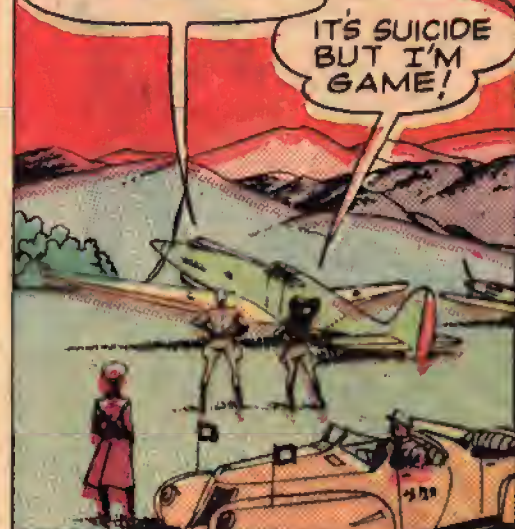


YOU WILL OBSERVE  
THESE PLANES ARE  
OF THE LATEST TYPE,  
BUT UNFORTUNATELY  
THEY HAVE MET WITH  
SOME OF THE SKY  
DEMONS OF THE  
ENEMY!



BOY OH BOY! THESE  
BABIES HAVE BEEN  
SLAMMED AROUND  
PLENTY! WHAT SAY,  
LOOPS? LET'S PATCH  
'EM UP AND FLY FOR  
THE GENERAL!

IT'S SUICIDE  
BUT I'M  
GAME!



THE MOTORS ARE IN GOOD  
SHAPE... ALL WE HAVE  
TO DO IS PATCH UP THE  
HOLES A  
LITTLE!

A LITTLE?!  
THESE CRATES  
HAVE BEEN HIT  
WITH EVERYTHING  
BUT THE  
KITCHEN  
SINK!!



FOR SIX SOLID HOURS THE  
MEN FIX UP THE PLANES, UN-  
TIL ONCE AGAIN THEY'RE  
READY TO FLY... SUDDENLY  
A LOUD DRONE FILLS THE SKY..



ENEMY BOMBERS...  
THEY'RE GOING TO  
BOMB THE  
HOSPITAL  
AT CHUNG-  
SOW!!

COME  
ON, KID!  
LET'S GIVE  
'EM THE  
BUSINESS!!  
THERE'S ONLY  
TEN OF 'EM!!



BOY! I HOPE OUR CRATES  
STAY TOGETHER!! WHY  
EVEN THE PAINT ON OUR  
INSIGNIAS IS WET YET!!



THEIR RED DRAGON INSIGNIAS  
FLASHING IN THE SUN, LOOPS  
AND BANKS ZOOM INTO THE  
AIR...

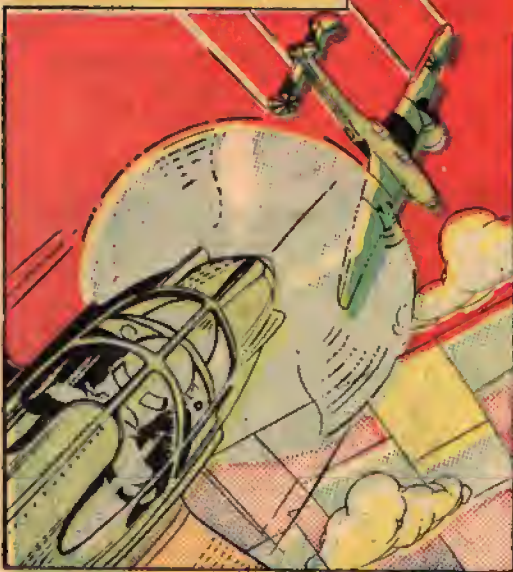


SWIFTLY OVERTAKING THE  
LUMBERING  
BOMBERS,  
THEY PUT THEIR  
PLANES INTO A  
SCREAMING  
DIVE...

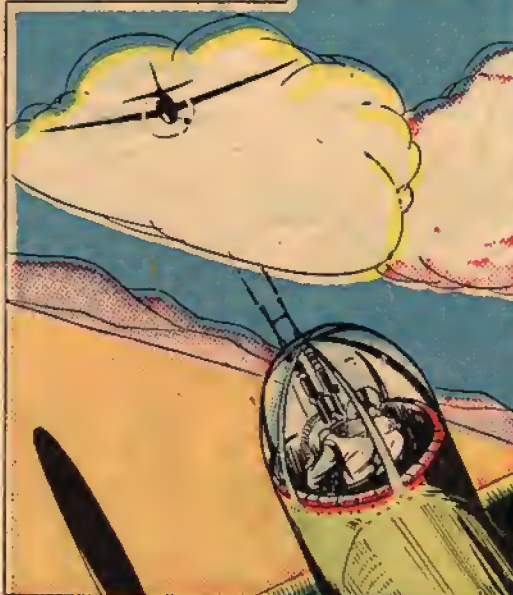




A SECOND LATER, BANKS  
CENTERS ONE OF THE  
BOMBERS IN HIS GUN-  
SIGHT AND SQUEEZES  
THE TRIGGER...



MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING  
THE TAIL GUNNER'S FIRE,  
BANKS RAKES THE SHIP  
WITH LEAD...



HE DIVES AGAIN AND AGAIN...  
SUDDENLY THE PORT ENGINE  
BURSTS INTO FLAME AND  
THE BOMBER FALLS OUT OF  
CONTROL...



BANKING SHARPLY, BANKS  
NARROWLY MISSES THE  
SPINNING PLANE...



DOWN DOWN IT WHIRLS,  
RIGHT INTO THE PATH OF  
ANOTHER BOMBER...



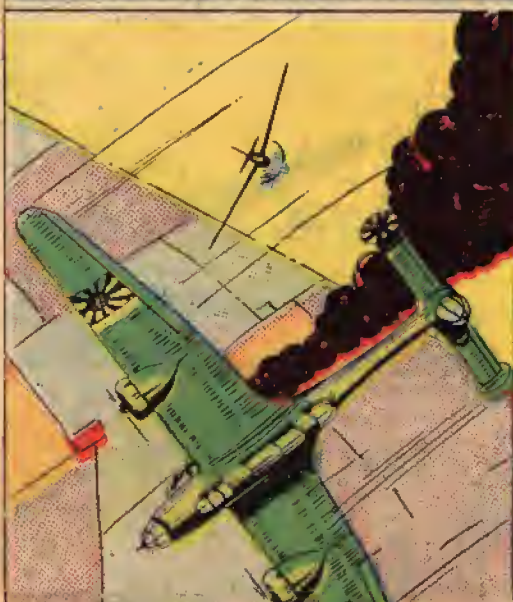
WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH, THE  
TWO COLLIDE AND EXPLODE..



MEANWHILE LOOPS IS  
HAMMERING AWAY AT A  
CLOSE FORMATION OF  
THREE BOMBERS...



A WELL-DIRECTED BLAST  
FROM HIS GUNS AND THE  
LEADER OF THE FORMATION  
GOES INTO A FATAL DIVE..



HAVING HAD ENOUGH OF THE  
TWO MADMEN, THE REST OF  
THE BOMBERS TURN  
AROUND AND STREAK FOR  
HOME...





ABOUT TO CHASE THE ENEMY, BANKS NOTICES HIS WING START TO WOBBLE... SUDDENLY IT CRACKS OPEN...



WITH A LAST JOLT, THE WING RIPS OFF AND THE PLANE GOES INTO A SPIN...



DESPERATELY BANKS FIGHTS FOR CONTROL OF HIS BATTERED SHIP...



JUST IN TIME, HE MANAGES TO GET THE NOSE UP... LIKE A COMET IT STREAKS TOWARD THE EARTH...



HITTING THE GROUND WITH A LOUD RIP, IT FURROWS INTO THE DIRT AND PLOPS OVER, THROWING BANKS CLEAR...



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

THERE NOW! YOU GOT QUITE A NASTY BUMP... KNOCKED YOU COLD! HOW D'YOU FEEL NOW?



HUH? SWELL! GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO COME DOWN TO EARTH TO FIND AN ANGEL!

AT LEAST YOU PICK YOUR SPOTS TO CRASH!! THE HOSPITAL IS ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY...



WELL! WELL! WELL! IF IT ISN'T THE GREAT FLYER HIMSELF! WHAT'RE YOU DOING, MAKING A CAREER OF BUSTING UP PLANES!!



PU-LEASE, MR. MC CANN CAN'T YOU SEE I'M NOT

WELL?

NOT WELL!! PHOOEY!! THE ONLY PLACE HE'S SICK IS IN THE HEAD!! AND TO TOP IT ALL HE HAS TO MEET A PRETTY WOMAN!! WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!!





# THE BLUE TRACER

SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLES OF ETHIOPIA THE REMAINS OF AN AMBUSHED BRITISH SCOUTING DIVISION LIES UNDER THE MERCILESS SUN... ALL ARE APPARENTLY DEAD... AT LAST, ONE FIGURE MOVES... PAINFULLY HE REACHES FOR A DUSTY CANTEEN...



BY  
FRED GUARDINEER

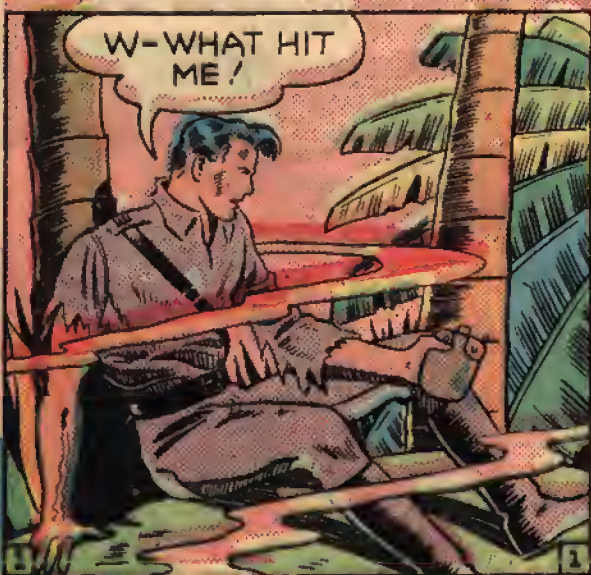
IT IS CAPTAIN WILD BILL DUNN, AN AMERICAN ENGINEER SENT OUT WITH THE EXPEDITION!

FROM SOME NEARBY BUSHES A FIGURE CAUTIOUSLY EMERGES.

OK, BOYS! THE COAST IS CLEAR. LET'S FIX UP THAT WOUNDED MAN!

W-WHAT HIT ME!

MAYBE I CAN HELP THAT GUY!





UNDER THE CARE OF THE STRANGE WHITE MAN, BILL IS NURSED BACK TO HEALTH IN A NATIVE VILLAGE.



A FEW DAYS LATER, BOOMERANG SHOWS BILL AROUND THE ETHIOPIAN CAMP.

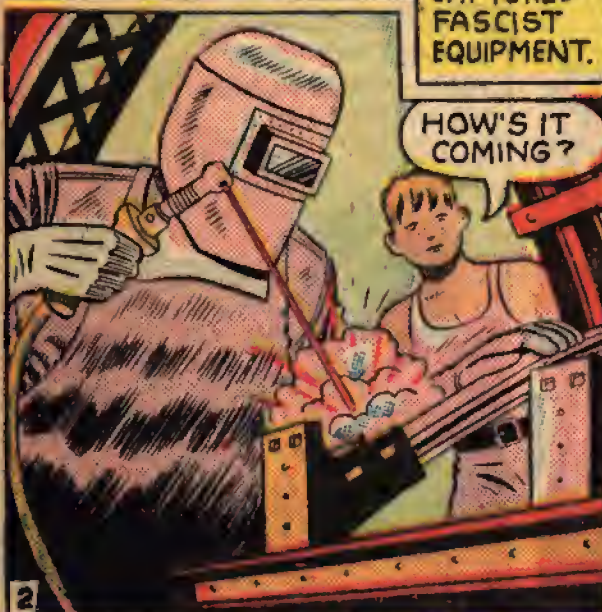


BOOMERANG EXPLAINS THAT THE ENEMIES ARE CALLED M'BUJIES. THESE SUPER BEINGS INTEND TO RULE THE WORLD AND WITH THEIR RAY-GUNS BLAST DEATH AT ALL MEN. THEY LIVE IN AN IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS CITY BY RAS DASHIN, THE VOLCANO, AND CANNOT BE DESTROYED WITH ORDINARY WEAPONS!

MAYBE I CAN BUILD A NEW KIND OF FIGHTING MACHINE OUT OF THOSE CAPTURED TANKS AND AIRPLANES, WANT TO HELP ME?



FOR MANY MONTHS BILL AND HIS PAL WORK ON THEIR NEW INVENTION WITH CAPTURED FASCIST EQUIPMENT.



THIS MACHINE'LL FLY LIKE AN AIRPLANE, DIVE LIKE A SUBMARINE AND SMASH INTO OBSTACLES LIKE A TANK!

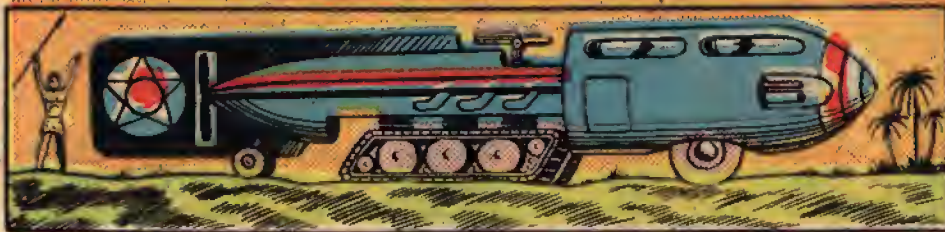


FINALLY THE DAY COMES FOR THE TRIAL RUN!





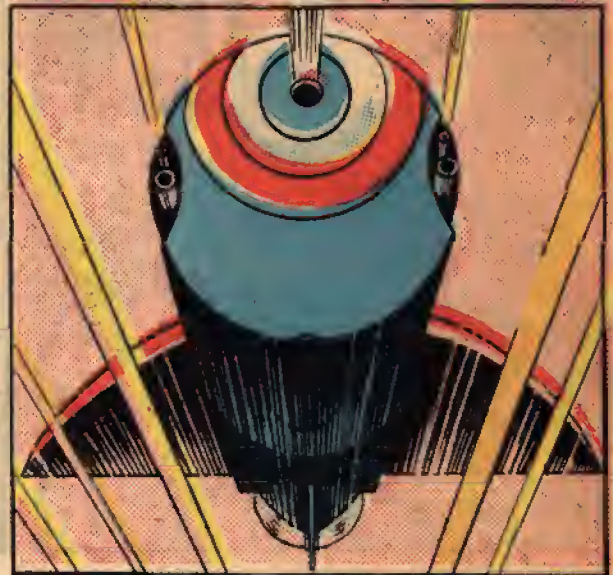
WITH BILL AT THE RADIO CONTROLS, THE HUGE MACHINE RUMBLES FORWARD ON ITS WHEELS AND TRACTION PLATES!



SPREADING ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS AND RETRACTING ITS WHEELS, THE MILLION HORSE-POWER ENGINE STARTS THE PROPELLOR,—THE STEEL MONSTER LEAPS INTO THE AIR!



FROM ITS BULLET-LIKE NOSE CANNONS AND MACHINE GUNS BELCH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!

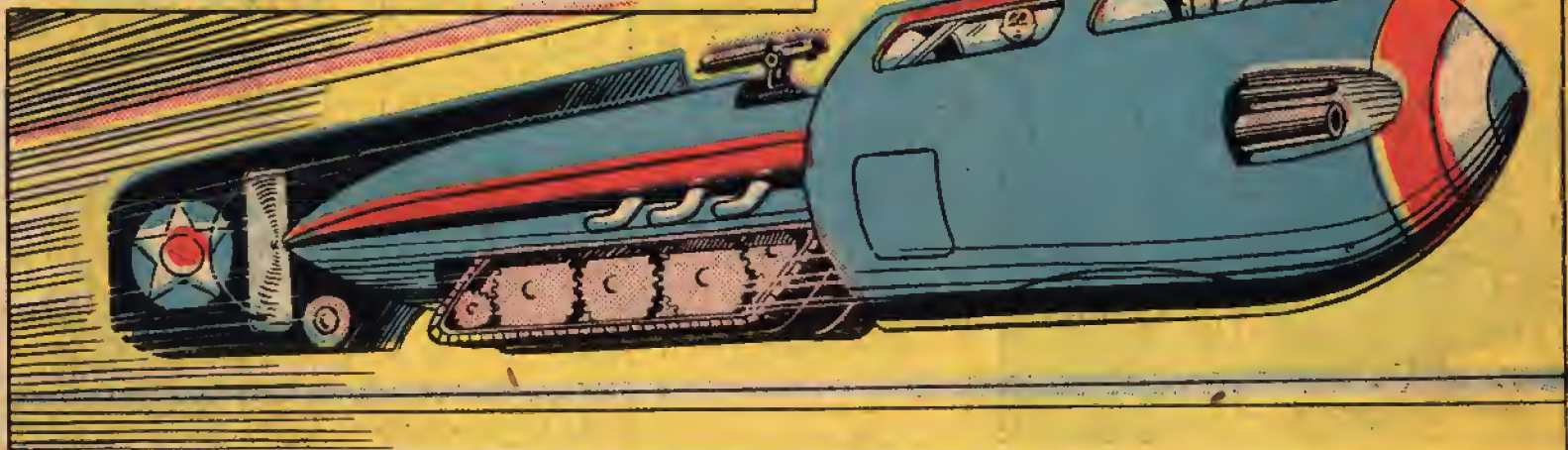


SEEN ONLY AS A STREAK OF BLUE, THIS NEWEST AND MOST FORMIDABLE OF ALL MODERN ENGINES OF WAR, FOLDS ITS WINGS AND ZOOMS AWAY LIKE A TRACER BULLET FIRED FROM A GIGANTIC CANNON —

**THE BLUE TRACER** IS BORN!

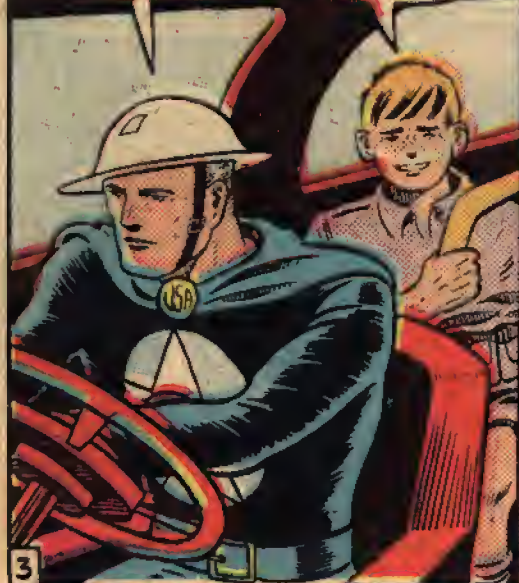
GEE, LOOK AT US GO!

NOW WE CAN REALLY BEGIN TO FIGHT!



WE'LL ATTACK THOSE DEMONS OF RAS DASHIN.

THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!



MANY MILES AWAY THE M'BUJIES FANTASTIC CITY NESTLES BY RAS DASHIN, THE VOLCANO!



ON A WATCH-TOWER A SENTRY KEEPS A SHARP LOOKOUT!

AH! SOME NEW MAN-MADE PLANE. HE WON'T LAST LONG!

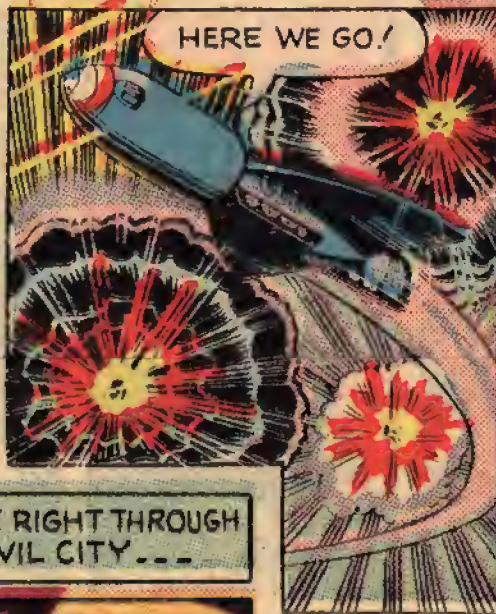




IMMEDIATELY THE GUNS OF THE FORT HURL TONS OF EXPLOSIVES AND DESTRUCTIVE SHRAPNEL AT THE BLUE TRACER!



BUT THE FLYING TANK EASILY WITHSTANDS THE BARRAGE -

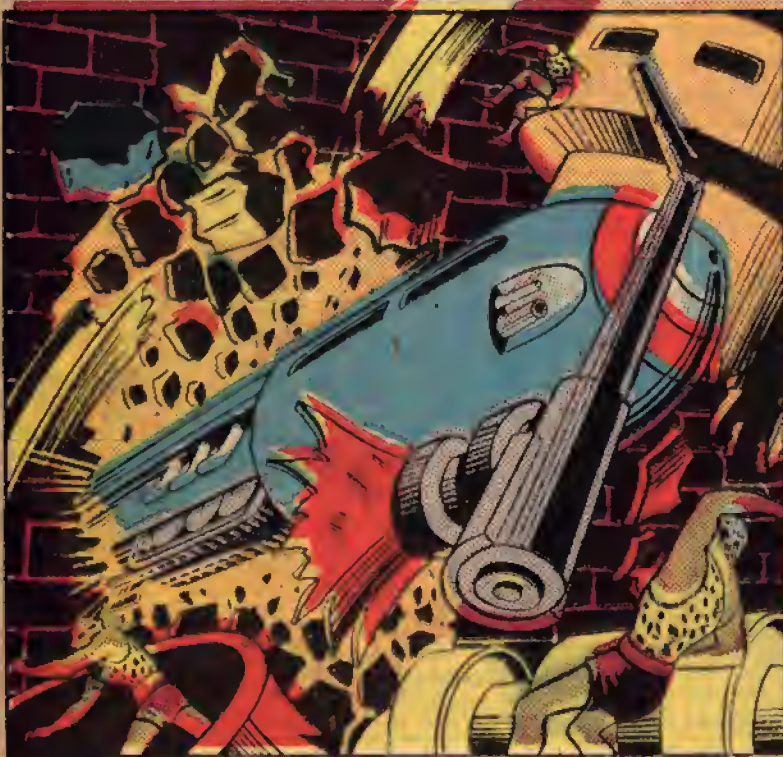


HERE WE GO!

AND RETRACTING ITS WINGS THE BLUE TRACER DIVES LIKE A SCREAMING SHELL!



WILD BILL HURLS HIS MACHINE RIGHT THROUGH THE OUTER DEFENSES OF THE EVIL CITY -



AND LANDS INSIDE A HUGE CHAMBER!



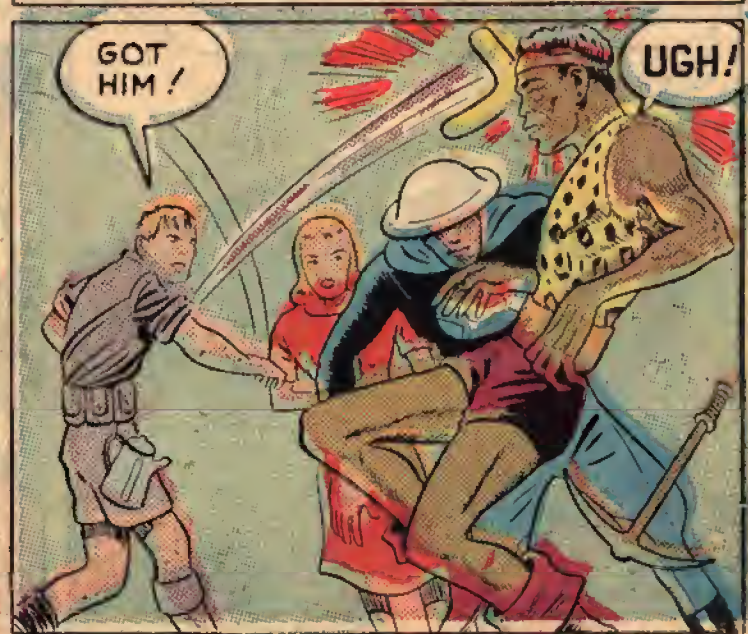
BUT SUDDENLY ONE OF THE WEIRD DEFENDERS ATTACKS BILL AND THE GIRL!



COMING, PARDNER!



IN THE NICK OF TIME THE NIMBLE LITTLE AUSTRALIAN HURLS HIS PRIMITIVE WEAPON!







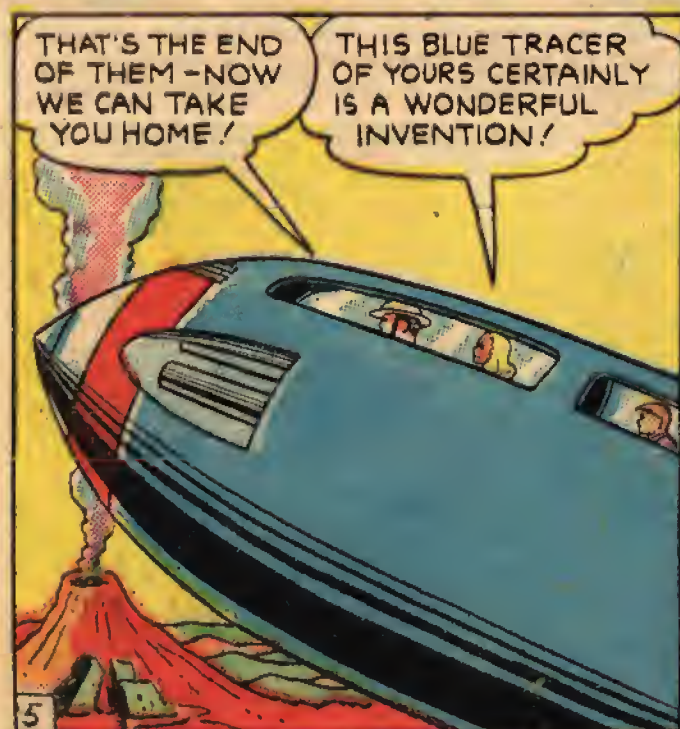
AND SWOOPS UP OUT OF THE VOLCANO'S CRATER!



FROM THE HOLE MADE BY THE BLUE TRACER, TONS OF MOLTEN LAVA FLOW OUT.



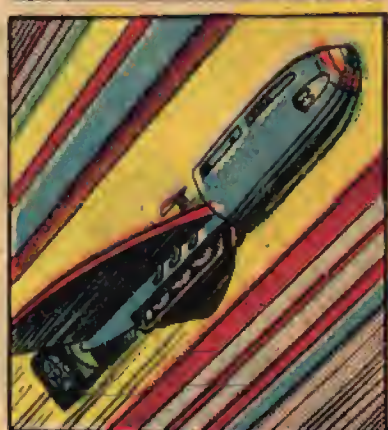
RELEASED FROM ITS EARTHEN BONDS THE LAVA BECOMES A FIERY AVALANCHE WHICH CONSUMES THE FORTRESS CITY!



THIS BLUE TRACER OF YOURS CERTAINLY IS A WONDERFUL INVENTION!



AND THE BLUE TRACER SPEEDS OFF INTO THE HAZE, SEARCHING FOR OTHER ENEMIES OF MANKIND.



THE END



# ARCHIE ATKINS

**DESERT  
SCOUT**



IN A SENUSSI VILLAGE IN LIBYA,  
THREE BRITISH PRISONERS STAND  
TIED TO A STAKE, WHILE A BRAWNY  
NATIVE HEATS A HUGE SCIMITAR  
OVER A ROARING FIRE ...

ARCHIE  
ATKINS

JACK  
BAILEY

ACHMED



LOOK WELL, INFIDELS...  
THOU SHALL NOT  
SEE AGAIN ...

FA..AH! THOU  
PRINCE OF  
SWINE!

THIS CERTAINLY IS A FINE WAY TO  
BE GETTING REINFORCEMENTS FOR  
OUR BATTALION!

IT SURE IS..THAT  
ITALIAN OFFICER  
LEADING THESE BOYS  
IS PROBABLY VERY HAPPY!





MEANWHILE, A USUALLY PLACID BILLY GOAT SILENTLY SURVEYS THE SCENE... AND IS VIOLENTLY IRRITATED BY THE BENT-OVER POSITION OF THE BURLY SENUSSI...



LOWERING HIS HEAD, HE STREAKS FORWARD



WHUUFF!!  
BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET!



HOLY SMOKE!!

BULLS-EYE!!



SEIZE THEM, YOU FOOLS! QUICKLY!! IF THEY ESCAPE, BY ALLAH.....



SUNK! NOT YET.. I'VE AN IDEA!!



COME ON "BILLY"! LET'ER RIP! LET'S GO, FELLAS!



HY..E.E.EAH!!

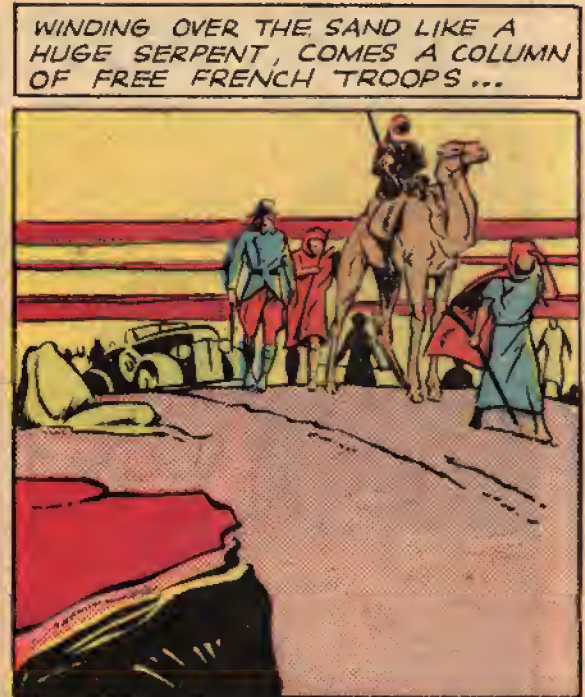
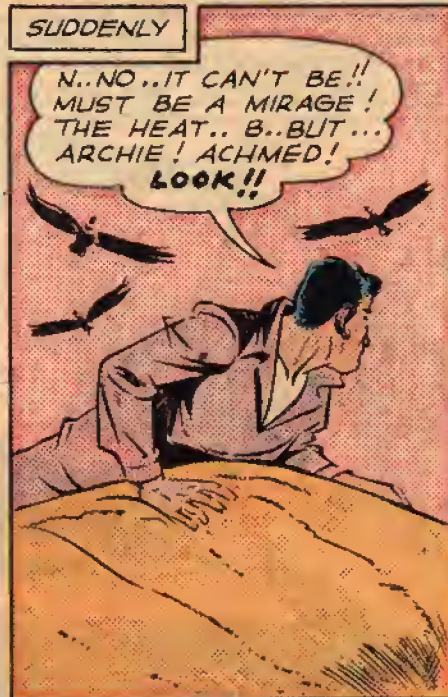


ONCE IN THE DESERT THEY LOSE THEIR PURSUERS....

WELL..WE MADE IT! THANKS TO BILLY HERE! NOW TO GET AID FOR OUR BATTALION!!









YOU CAN HELP US, SIR.. WE CAN COVER THE 300 MILES IN 3 NIGHTS.. FORCED MARCHING!

AT NIGHT EH? OUI.. TONIGHT WE START!!



UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS THE HYBRID ARMY BEGINS ITS MARCH... CAMEL CORPS, ANTIQUATED AUTOS, AND INFANTRY PUSH ON SWIFTLY TOWARD GOPAL...



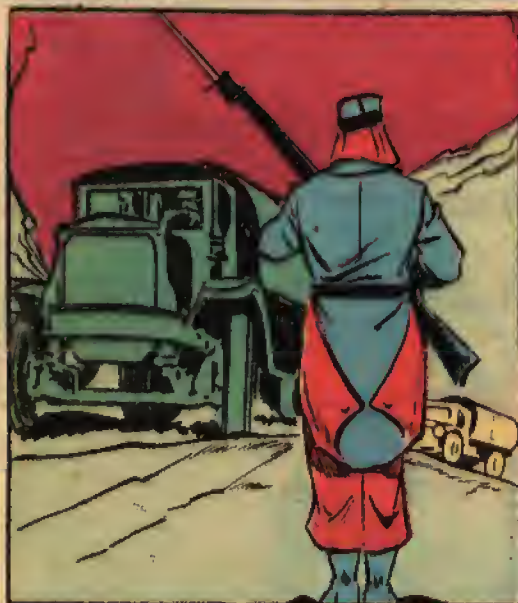
AS THE SUN SINKS BEYOND THE HORIZON... THE COLUMN MAKES CAMP FOR THE DAY... CAREFULLY CAMOUFLAGING THE ENTIRE UNIT....

100 MILES LAST NIGHT, FELLOWS... LOOKS LIKE MAJOR DOUGLAS WILL HAVE HIS REINFORCEMENTS AFTER ALL...

AYE!



WHILE THE ARMY SLEEPS, CAMOUFLAGED TRUCKS RUMBLE IN WITH FOOD AND WATER...



THROUGHOUT THE DAY CAREFUL PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR THE COMING BATTLE...



..AND AS NIGHT FALLS, THE RESCUERS BEGIN THE SECOND LAP OF THEIR JOURNEY...

CAN'T THESE INFERNAL THINGS GO ANY FASTER?!



AS THE THIRD NIGHT WANES, THE COLUMN COMES IN SIGHT OF THE ENEMY GARRISON... TEN MILES FROM GOPAL...

FIX BAYONETS!! CHARGE!!



THE WRATH OF ALLAH IS UPON US... MEKHARIS! ATTACK!!



SAPRISTI! FRENCH IN THE HEART OF LIBYA?!

CARRYING THE OUTPOSTS IN THE FIRST RUSH, THE FRENCH SWEEP ON TO THE FORT ITSELF, UNDAUNTED BY THE VASTLY SUPERIOR NUMBERS OF THE FOE...





THE TOTALLY UNPREPARED DEFENDERS HASTILY MAN THE BREASTWORKS IN AN ATTEMPT TO STEM THE TIDE ...



BUT THE SUDDENNESS AND SAVAGERY OF THE ATTACK CARRIES THE LEGIONAIRES INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE ENCAMPMENT ...



ARCHIE BATTERS HIS WAY TOWARD THE COMMANDING OFFICER ...



ENTHUSIASTICALLY ASSISTED BY HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND, "BILLY" ...



NO MORE!! NO MORE!! IT IS ENOUGH!! SAPRISTI! WE SURRENDER!!



MEANWHILE... WITHIN THE FORT AT GOPAL 10 MILES AWAY, MAJOR DOUGLAS FUMES...



BY HEAVENS! I'LL HAVE THEM DRUMMED OUT OF THE SERVICE ... OR.. OR..



SUDDENLY .. ON THE LOOKOUT TOWER ...

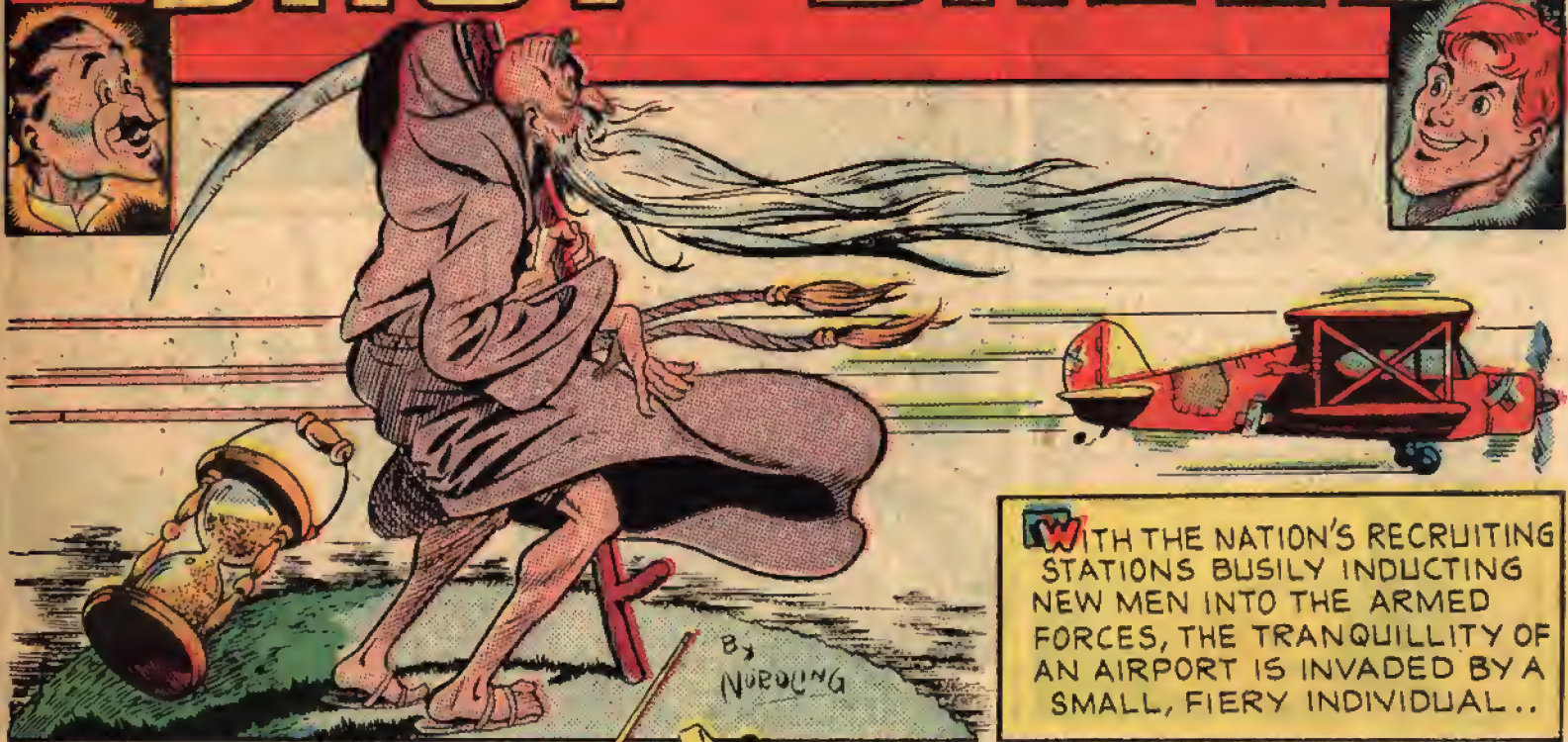




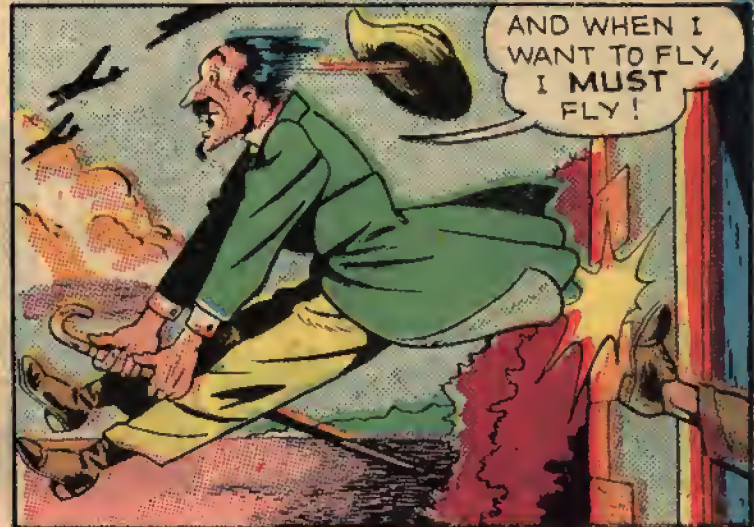




# SHOT AND SHELL



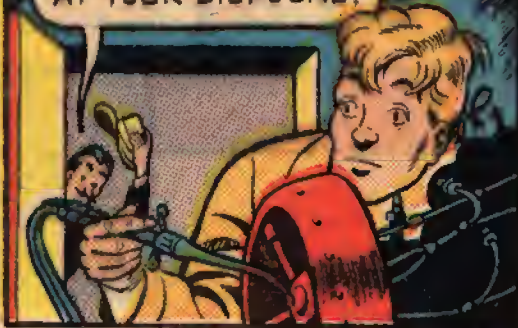
WITH THE NATION'S RECRUITING STATIONS BUSILY INDUCTING NEW MEN INTO THE ARMED FORCES, THE TRANQUILLITY OF AN AIRPORT IS INVADDED BY A SMALL, FIERY INDIVIDUAL..





STRIDING ON HIS UNDAUNTED WAY, THE COLONEL PASSES AN OPEN DOOR...

HEARING THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY WITHIN, I COULD NOT RESIST THE OPPORTUNITY TO PUT MY TECHNICAL FACULTIES AT YOUR DISPOSAL!



A CAPITAL IDEA! AND I, SIR, I SHALL APPLY MY FACULTIES TOWARD THE MECHANICAL PERFECTION OF YOUR WORTHY CHARIOT!

HEY!



A REMARKABLE CONTRIVANCE!

YEAH, AN' HOME-MADE!



MEANWHILE, A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF THE NATION'S AIR STRENGTH IS BEING REVIEWED....



YOUR NAME, LAD?

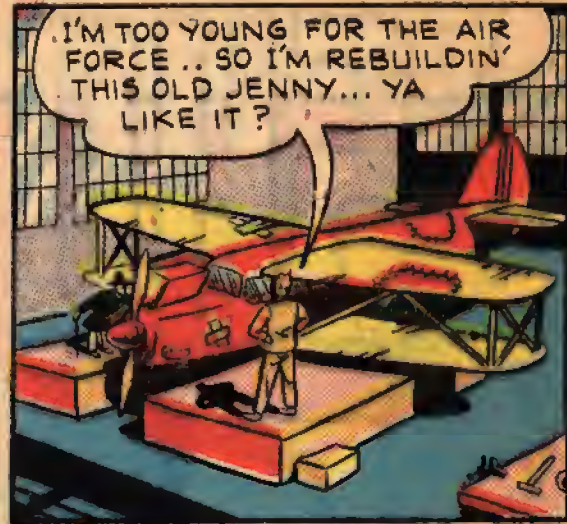
HUH? OH... SLIM SHELL! HOW D'YOU DO?



BE OF NO CONCERN. I SHALL REPLACE THE GIMICK... THUSLY!

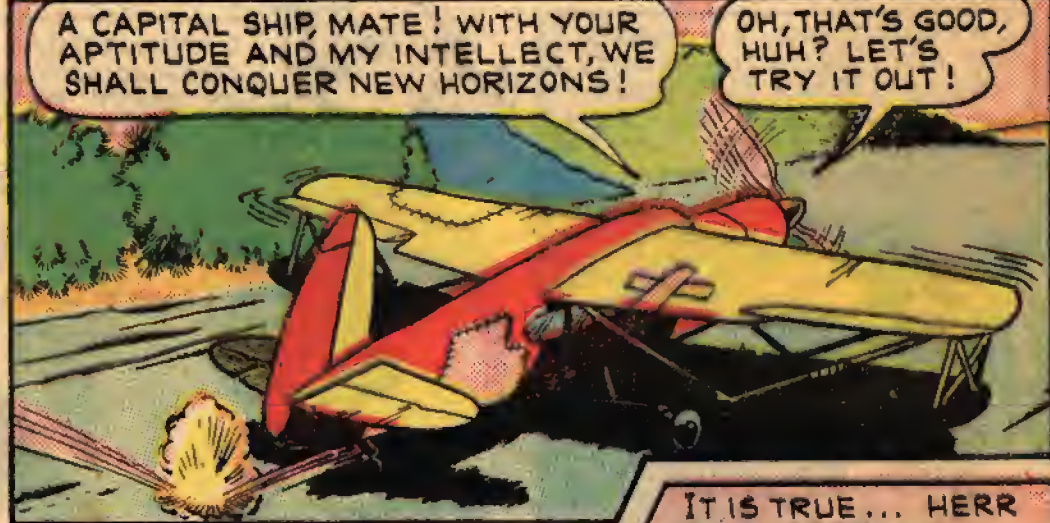


I'M TOO YOUNG FOR THE AIR FORCE.. SO I'M REBUILDIN' THIS OLD JENNY... YA LIKE IT?



A CAPITAL SHIP, MATE! WITH YOUR APTITUDE AND MY INTELLECT, WE SHALL CONQUER NEW HORIZONS!

OH, THAT'S GOOD, HUH? LET'S TRY IT OUT!



IT IS TRUE... HERR VON SLOBBEN IS AMONG THE SPECTATORS

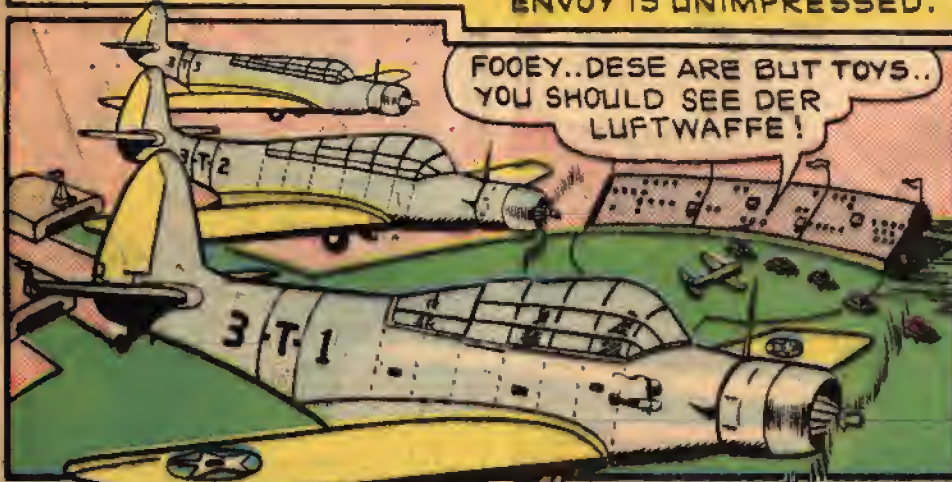
KEEP THAT SECRET PLANE UNDER COVER! THERE'S A NAZI MILITARY ATTACHE LOOKING ON!

POOF! YE CAN GO YOU VUN BEDDER ON ANY INVENTION!





FORMATION FOLLOWS FORMATION... BUT THE NAZI ENVOY IS UNIMPRESSED.



FOOEY..DESE ARE BUT TOYS.. YOU SHOULD SEE DER LUFTWAFFE!



HIMMEL! A NEW KIND OF SECRET PLANE, NO DOUBT!

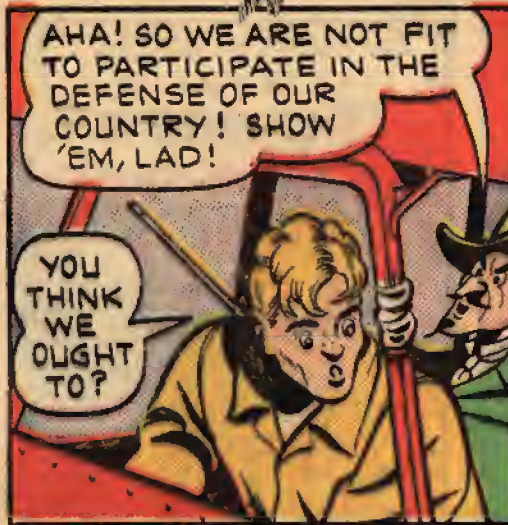
JA! UND VE VILL GET DER CONSTRUCTION PLANS, NICHT WAHR, VON SLOBBEN?

LIKE A WOUNDED HORNET, SLIM'S CRATE WOBBLES INTO VIEW!

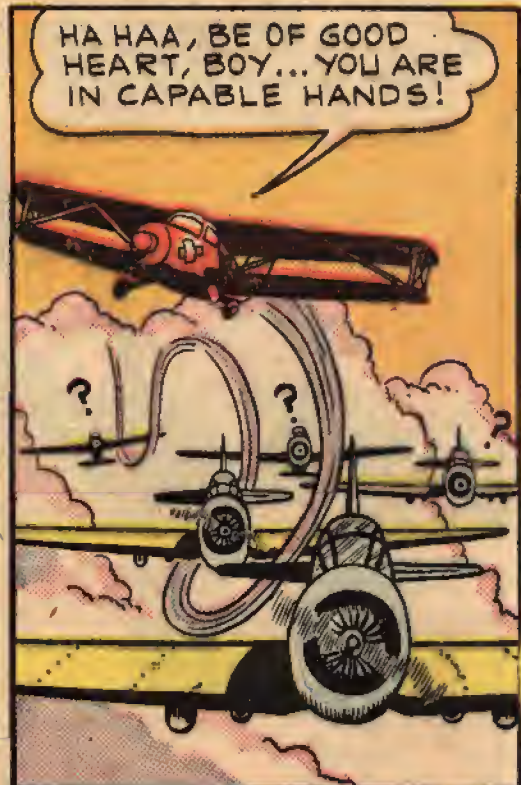


AHA! SO WE ARE NOT FIT TO PARTICIPATE IN THE DEFENSE OF OUR COUNTRY! SHOW 'EM, LAD!

YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO?



HA HAA, BE OF GOOD HEART, BOY... YOU ARE IN CAPABLE HANDS!



BLAST IT! SHAKE OFF THAT BOOB! BEFORE HE MESSES UP THE WHOLE SHOW!

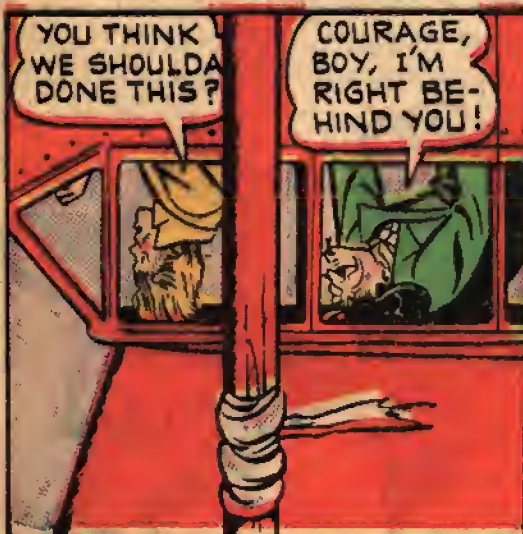


THE FORMATION BANKS AND DIVES AND CLIMBS.. BUT THE WHEEZING CRATE HANGS ON!

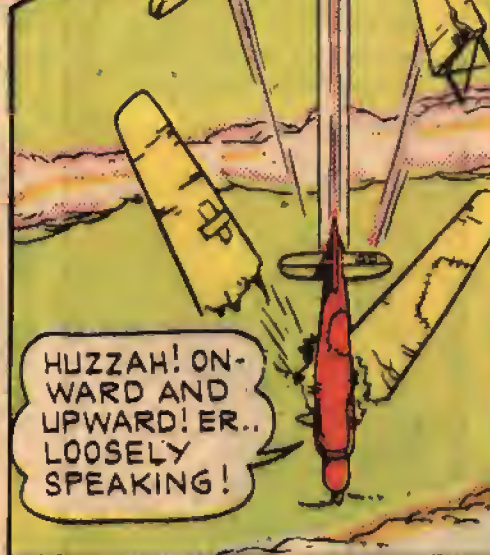


YOU THINK WE SHOULD A DONE THIS?

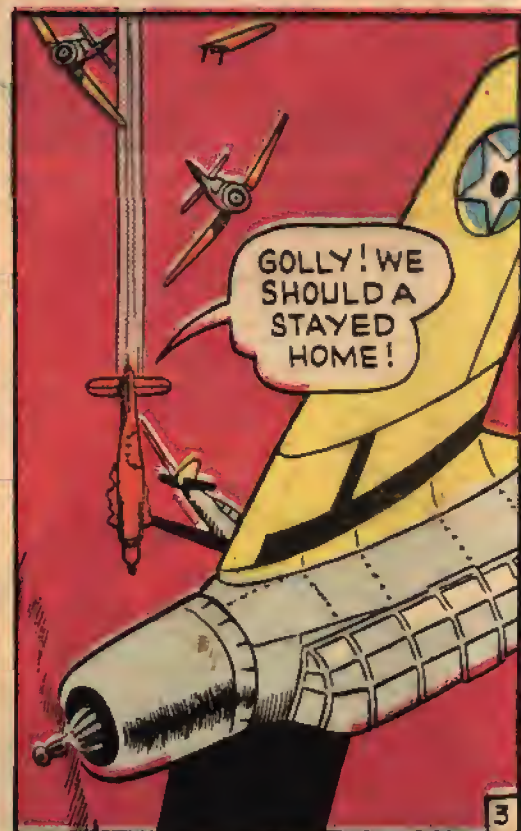
COURAGE, BOY, I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



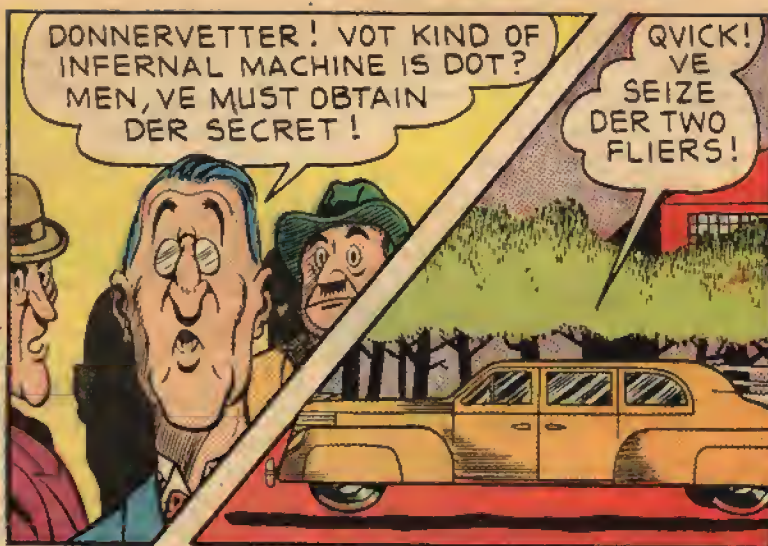
HUZZAH! ON-WARD AND UPWARD! ER.. LOOSELY SPEAKING!



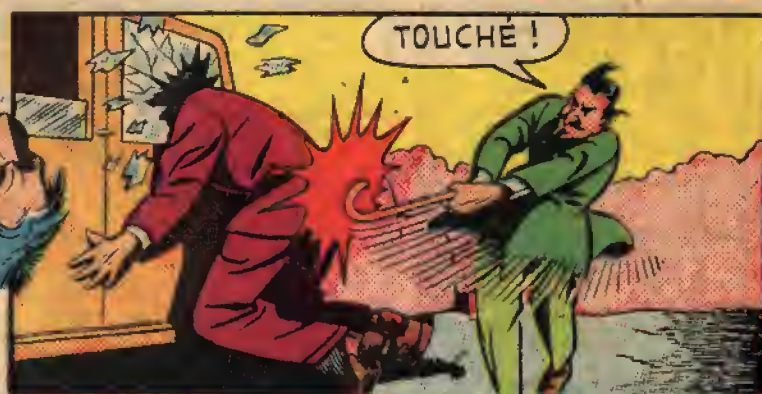
GOLLY! WE SHOULD A STAYED HOME!







AS THE TWO AMATEUR FLIERS LAND, THE NAZI AGENTS POUNCE ON THE COLONEL!



AS ARMY TROOPS COME TO INVESTIGATE THE CRASH, ONE OF THE CULPRITS BABBLES OUT HIS STORY..





# NAVY SECTION

STORIES OF NAVAL  
AND AIR ACTION  
ON THE SEA

IN THE SHIPYARDS OF THE NATION, OUR BATTLESHIPS ARE BUILT... BUT IT IS AT **ANNAPOLIS** THAT OUR NAVIES ARE BUILT... FROM THESE YOUNG MEN COME THE FUTURE OFFICERS OF OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE. THE LATEST CLASS OF THESE YOUNG OFFICERS IS ON THE LAST LEG OF A THREE WEEKS CRUISE IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC, ABOARD THE **U.S.S. AMERICA**...

# YANKEE EAGLE★


BY  
JOHN  
STEWART





THE SPIES OF GOVERNMENTS THAT HATE THE UNITED STATES HAVE SPENT YEARS WORKING THEIR WAY INTO THE VERY PITH AND MARROW OF OUR MILITARY SERVICES....

AMONG THE ENLISTED MEN ABOARD.....







WHO IN BLAZES...?

ONE WORD OR A FALSE MOVE, CAPTAIN WEBB, AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!



IN THE RADIO ROOM...

DON'T TOUCH A DIAL! KEEP YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM THE WIRELESS KEY...

THE CONSPIRATORS WIRELESS A MESSAGE TO A NEARBY SHIP.



TO THE RAIDER... EVERYTHING HERE ON SCHEDULE! MEET BEHIND BLACK ISLAND IN ONE HOUR....

WITH HER EYES AND EARS THUS STOPPED UP BY TREACHERY, HER CAPTAIN BOUND AND GAGGED, THE MIGHTY OCEAN FORTRESS IS DELIVERED INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY RAIDER FAR OUT IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC... DARK FIGURES BOARD THE U.S. SHIP.....



MACH SCHNELL, KAMERADEN!

SSSSH!

WORKING WITH THE PRECISION OF MONTHS OF TRAINING, THE RAIDERS' MEN TAKE OVER THE BATTLESHIP... U.S. SAILORS AND OFFICERS ARE FORCED TO JUMP OVERBOARD.....



SWIM TO THE ISLAND, BOYS. PLENTY ROOM THERE FOR ALL!

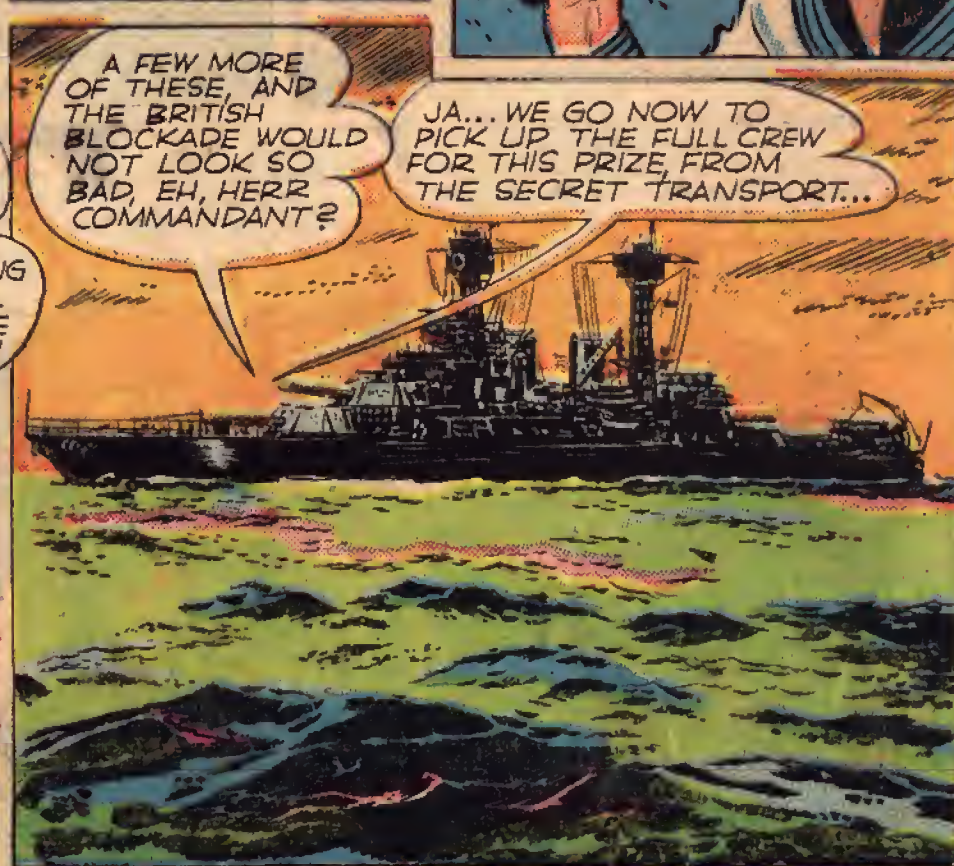
AFTER AN HOUR'S HOT WORK, THE RAIDERS' MEN ARE IN COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE AMERICAN SHIP...

A MAGNIFICENT PRIZE! OUR LEADER WILL BE PROUD OF US!!

AND DO NOT FORGET, HERR COMMANDANT, WE HAVE MAR-ROONED THE ENTIRE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY ON A LITTLE KNOWN ISLAND!

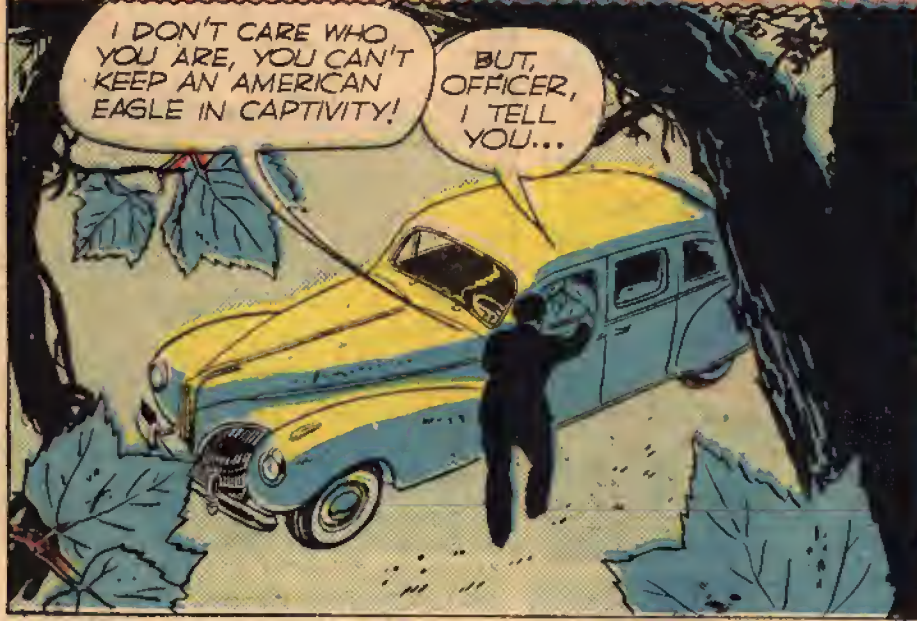
A FEW MORE OF THESE, AND THE BRITISH BLOCKADE WOULD NOT LOOK SO BAD, EH, HERR COMMANDANT?

JA... WE GO NOW TO PICK UP THE FULL CREW FOR THIS PRIZE FROM THE SECRET TRANSPORT...





WE SHIFT NOW TO THE CAPITAL CITY, WASHINGTON, WHERE JERRY NOBLE, SON OF SENATOR NOBLE, IS HAVING HIS TROUBLES WITH A COP NEXT MORNING.



I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE, YOU CAN'T KEEP AN AMERICAN EAGLE IN CAPTIVITY!

BUT, OFFICER, I TELL YOU...

JERRY LETS HIS FOOT OFF THE CLUTCH AND SHOOTS AWAY, LAUGHING.....



HE LIKES IT!

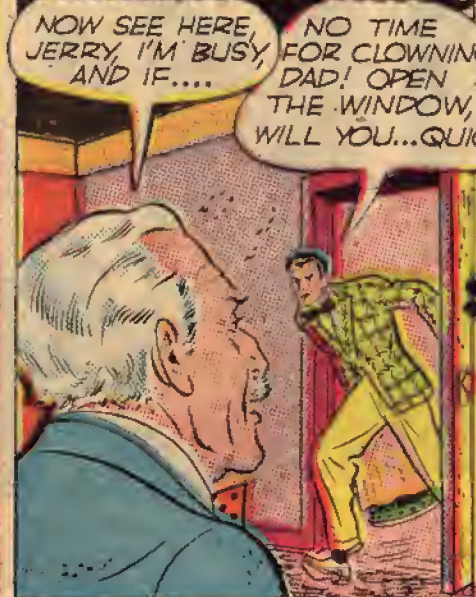
WHY YOU...!



IF HE THINKS HE CAN GET AWAY BY DUCKING INTO THE SENATE OFFICE BUILDING, HE'D BETTER GUESS OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS MOUTH!

COME ON, SAM, LET'S HUSTLE UP AND SEE MY DAD!

SENATOR NOBLE GETS HIS SHOCK-OF-THE-WEEK WHEN JERRY BURSTS INTO HIS OFFICE...



NOW SEE HERE, JERRY, I'M BUSY, AND IF....

NO TIME FOR CLOWNING, DAD! OPEN THE WINDOW, WILL YOU...QUICK!

AS THE POLICEMAN'S ANGRY VOICE IS HEARD FROM THE OUTER OFFICE.....



I TOLD YOU I'D INTRODUCE YOU TO A REAL U.S. SENATOR, DIDN'T I, SAM? THERE HE IS... SENATOR WALTER Q. NOBLE... MY DAD!

AIEEEEE

SWOOPING ONCE AROUND THE ROOM, SAM, THE AMERICAN EAGLE, WINGS HIS WAY SWIFTLY OUT THE WINDOW...THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY ADMITS THE IRATE COP...



THERE HE IS! THAT'S THE GUY!

WHAT DO YOU WANT, OFFICER?



I TOLD THIS YOUNG FELLOW HE COULDN'T CARRY AN AMERICAN EAGLE AROUND IN A CAGE, AND HE...

WHO SAID I HAD AN EAGLE IN THE CAGE?



I HEARD HIM SCREAMIN' MYSELF! YOU CAN'T KID ME.. WHERE THE...??

AIEEEEEEE





YOU SEE, OFFICER? YOU HEARD ME SCREAM LIKE AN EAGLE!

WHY, GLUB... BLAST.... I'LL BE... BLUB!!!



THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST MY CARRYING AN EMPTY CAGE AROUND WASHINGTON, IS THERE!?

BAH!

BUT JERRY NOBLE GETS THE BAWLING OUT OF HIS LIFE FROM HIS DISTINGUISHED FATHER.....

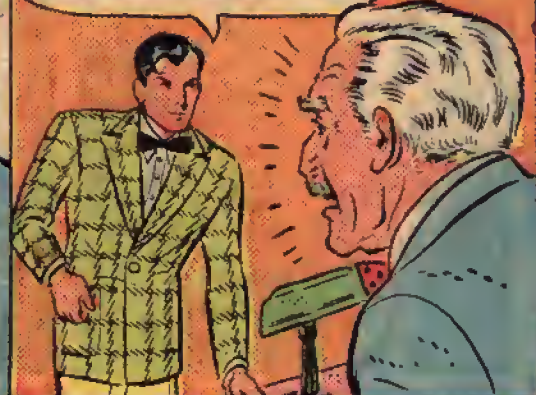
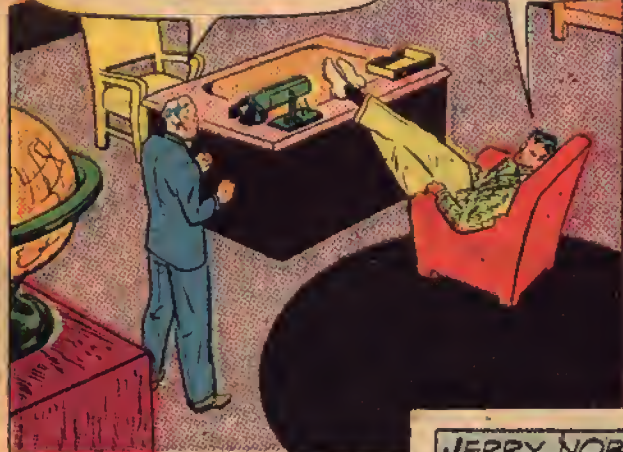
IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE OFFICIAL EMBARRASSMENT IT'D CAUSE ME, I'D'VE TURNED YOU OVER TO THAT POLICEMAN!

REALLY, POP.. I MEAN, SENATOR POP.. YOU'RE MUCH TOO HARD ON ME!

WHY YOUR MOTHER LEFT YOU AN INDEPENDENT FORTUNE IS BEYOND ME! IF SHE'D KNOWN YOU WERE GOING TO BUY A PRIVATE ZOO WITH IT.....!!

PATER, YOU JUST AIN'T TOLERANT. CAN ANY OTHER SENATOR'S SON IMITATE ANY ANIMAL ON EARTH? WHO ELSE CAN MAKE EAGLES AND SHEEP AND WOLVES AND CHICKENS GET ALONG TOGETHER? WHY...

KID STUFF! ROT! PLAYING WITH WILD ANIMALS! IF YOU COULD...



JERRY NOBLE'S CLASS-AAA DRESSING DOWN IS INTERRUPTED BY A PHONE CALL THAT CHANGES HIS CAREFREE LIFE COMPLETELY....

WHAT! IMPOSSIBLE!!... NO WORD FROM THE SHIP FOR EIGHTEEN HOURS? BUT... WITH THE WHOLE GRADUATING CLASS ABOARD!!... BUT ADMIRAL, THE SOUTH ATLANTIC IS BIG ENOUGH TO....



SO MY ANIMALS ARE JUST KID STUFF, HUH?

SO LONG, SENATOR, OLD CHAP! I'M GOING ON A LITTLE FISHING TRIP!

ADMIRAL WE'VE GOT TO FIND THOSE BOYS IF THE WHOLE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC FLEETS...





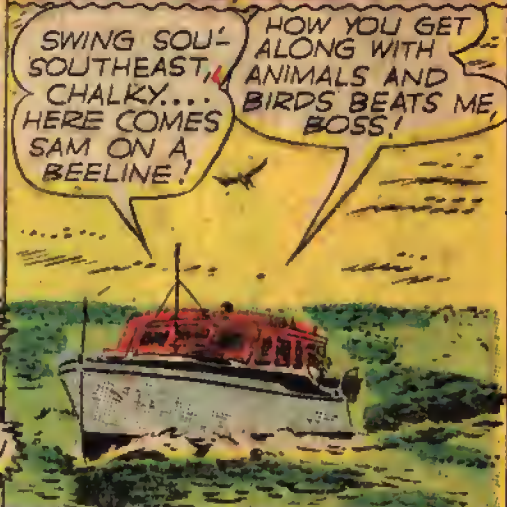
JERRY NOBLE FLIES SWIFTLY SOUTH... AT MIAMI HE CHANGES TO HIS POWERFULLY-SPEEDY LITTLE PRIVATE CRUISER....



FAR OUT TO SEA, JERRY SENDS HIS EAGLE, SAM, ALOFT...



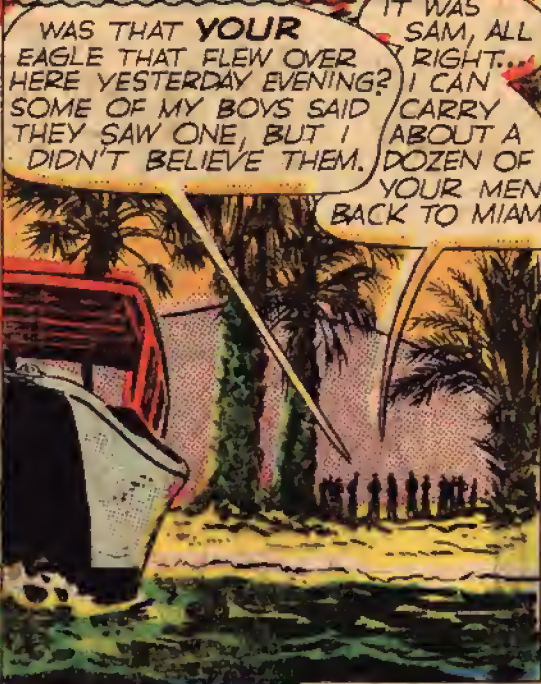
HIGHER AND HIGHER, IN EVER WIDENING CIRCLES FLIES THE EAGLE! KEEN OF EYE, TIRELESS, HE FLIES TO DO THE BIDDING OF HIS BELOVED MASTER. NOT TWO HOURS LATER, HE RETURNS...



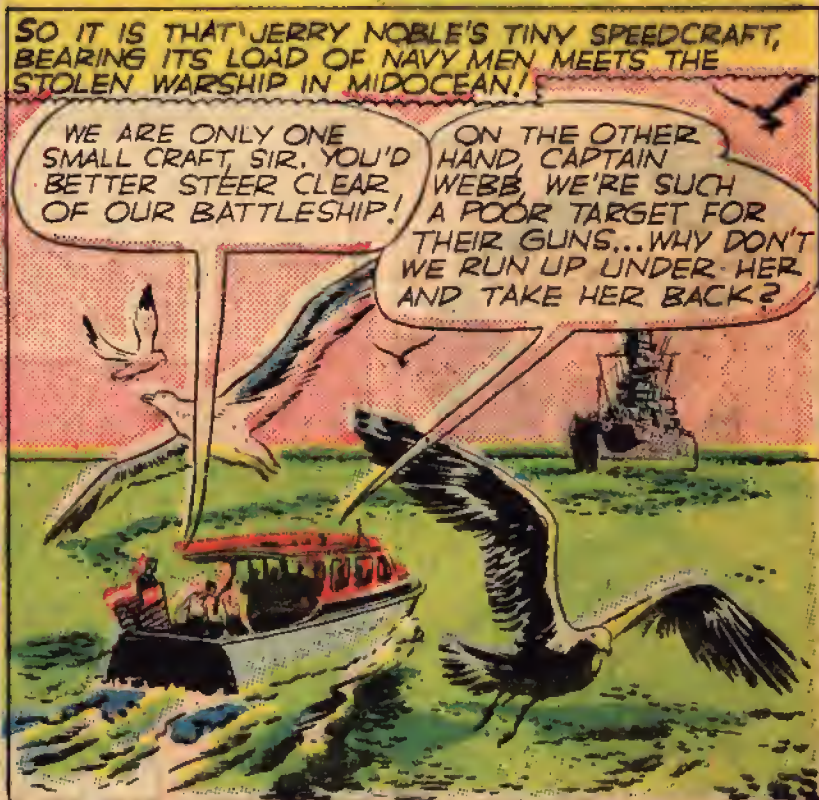
EARLY NEXT MORNING ON THE ISLAND WHERE THE MEN FROM THE BATTLESHIP ARE MAROONED...



IN A FEW HOURS...



MEANWHILE ABOARD THE STOLEN WARSHIP...





WITH INCREDIBLE COOLNESS, JERRY NOBLE HEADS HIS FRAIL SPEEDSTER STRAIGHT FOR THE MOUNTAINOUS FLOATING FORTRESS.....THE PRIVATEERS LET DRIVE WITH HER SMALLER DECK GUNS.....



WE'RE GETTING IN PRETTY CLOSE.....  
**SAM!** WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT TILL WE'RE ALONGSIDE?  
**AIEEEEEEE!**



NOW, LET ME SEE... SAM'S OUR DIVEBOMBER. WE OUGHT TO HAVE A FEW FIGHTER PLANES TO COVER HIS ATTACK!

**COYEE! COYEE!**  
**AIEEEEE**

JERRY NOBLE'S AMAZING GIFT OF ONENESS WITH WILD LIFE PERMITS HIM TO "TALK" WITH THE BIRDS OF THE AIR... SEAGULLS ANSWER HIS CALL....



AFTER SAM, SWIFT FLIERS OF THE OCEAN! WHERE THE **YANKEE EAGLE** LEADS...FOLLOW!

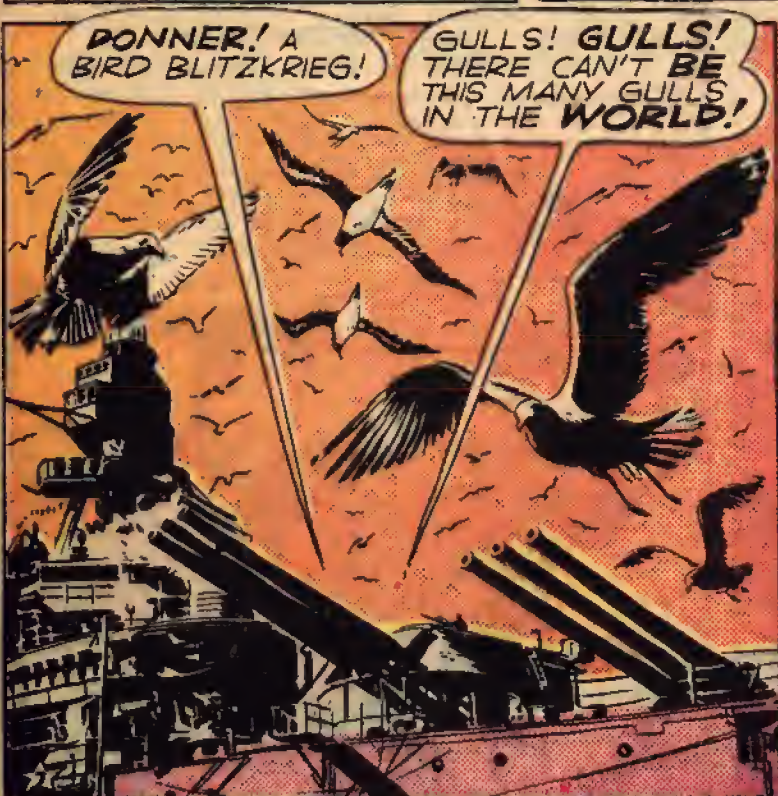


**DONNERWETTER!** THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO US! RAKE THEM WITH GUNFIRE! DON'T LET THAT SMALL CRAFT REACH US!



AS SAM STRIKES, JERRY'S "FIGHTER PLANES" DIVE TO THE ATTACK.....

**BLITZEN!! MY EYES! I CAN'T AIM!**



**DONNER!** A BIRD BLITZKRIEG!  
**GULLS! GULLS!** THERE CAN'T BE THIS MANY GULLS IN THE WORLD!

AT JERRY'S EAGLE-SCREAM COMMAND, SAM LOOPS DOWN OVER THE SIDE TO THROW THE ASTONISHED PIRATE CREW INTO WILD DISORDER, AS CAPTAIN WEBB AND HIS MEN SCRAMBLE BACK ABOARD THEIR STOLEN BATTLESHIP....



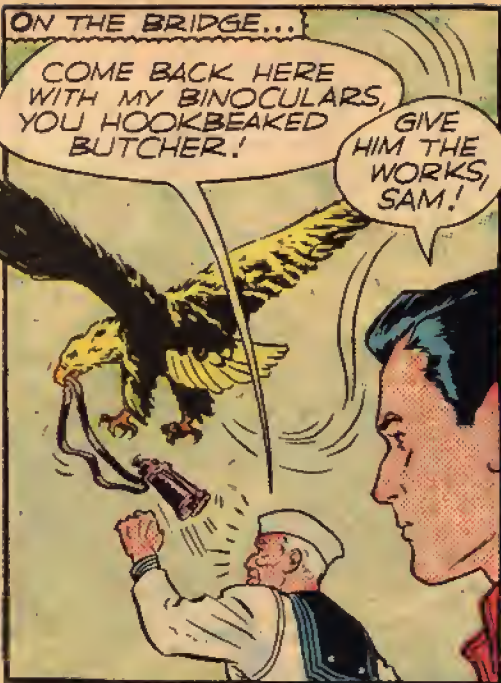
**ALL ABOARD, MATES! THE SHIP'S OURS FOR THE TAKING!**



WHILE THE AMERICAN SAILORS ARE BUSY SUBDUING THE FOREIGNERS, JERRY DASHES UP TO THE BRIDGE OF THE BATTLESHIP, WHERE VON WEISSMANN IS IN CONTROL...



AFTER THEIR LEADER, SAM!



ON THE BRIDGE...

COME BACK HERE WITH MY BINOCULARS, YOU HOOKBEAKED BUTCHER!

GIVE HIM THE WORKS, SAM!



SO, PIG DOG! IT ISS 'BY YOUR WITCHCRAFT THAT THESE FEATHERED DEMONS ATTACK US!!

THROW DOWN YOUR GUN VON WEISSMANN, YOU'RE LICKED AND DON'T KNOW IT YET!



DIRECT HIT! SOME BOMBING, SAM!

GLUNK

UGH!

FINALLY, THE FEW MEN WHO HAVEN'T JUMPED OVERBOARD TO ESCAPE THE FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT OF RAZOR-SHARP BEAKS AND CLAWS, COWER HELPLESSLY ON THE FOREDECK.

☆☆☆

TRIUMPHANTLY THE U.S. NAVY MEN HEAD THEIR HUGE BATTLEWAGON BACK TOWARD BLACK ISLAND TO GET THE REST OF THEIR LOYAL CREW MEMBERS...

☆☆☆



IT'S AMAZING, YOUNG MAN! IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES, I'D NEVER BELIEVE IT!

LOOK, CAPTAIN WEBB, LET'S KEEP THIS WHOLE THING DARK, DO YOU MIND?



BUT I DON'T SEE.. WHY NOT GIVE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS...

IT'S JUST A JOKE I'M PULLING ON MY REVERED FATHER, CAPTAIN WEBB. IT'S SOMETHING ABOUT A FISHING TRIP, AND KID STUFF AND PLAYING WITH WILD ANIMALS!!! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!



# DEATH PATROL

A THRILLING TALE OF FIVE CONVICTS AND ONE, DEL VAN DYNE, FORMER AIRLINES PILOT, THROWN TOGETHER BY FATE, THEY FLY TO ENGLAND AND FIGHT FOR THE R.A.F. ACTING INDEPENDENTLY THEY BECOME A FOREIGN LEGION OF THE AIR: THE DEATH PATROL, MOST DARING OF ALL BRITISH WARBIRDS!!



BUTCH



HANK



PEEWEE

SLICK



DEL VAN DYNE

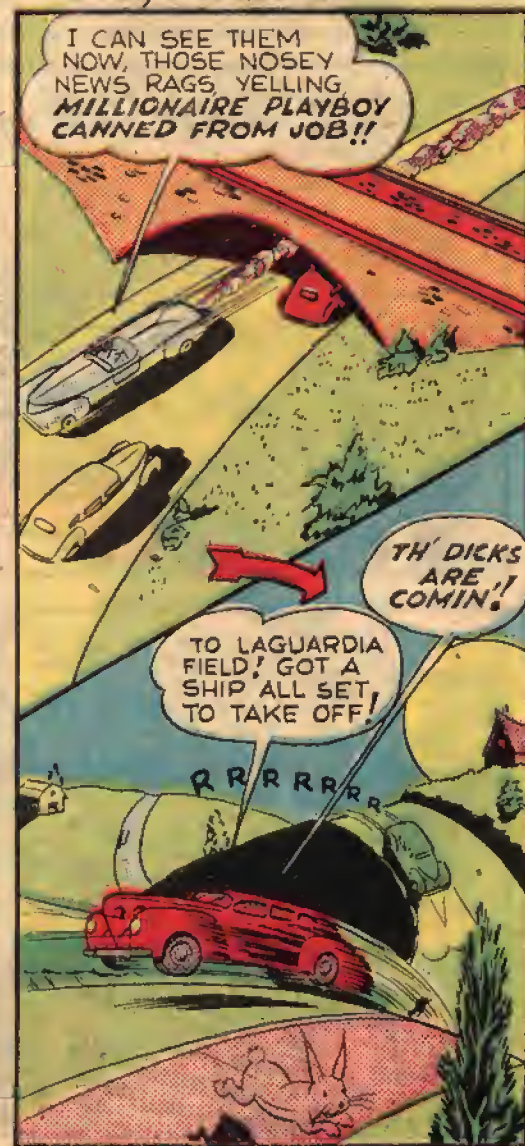


GRAMPS

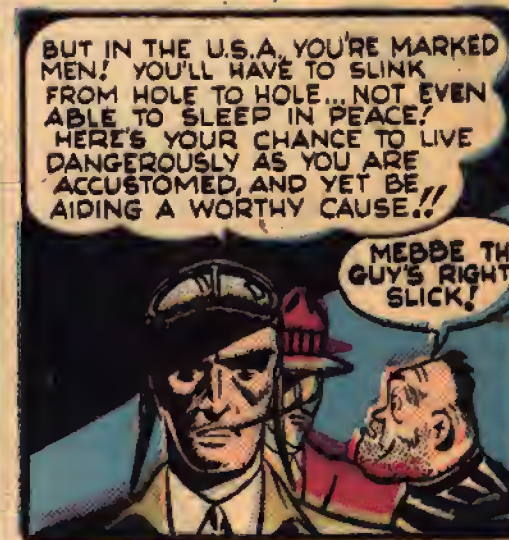
THE TWO SCENES THAT FOLLOW HAPPEN AT THE SAME TIME, BUT IN WIDELY SEPARATED PLACES....

by Jack Cole

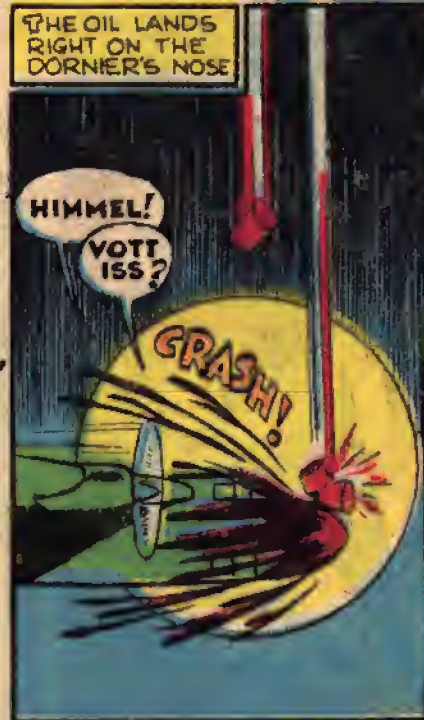
ONE SCENE BEGINS IN THE OFFICE OF UNIVERSAL AIRLINES:













YOU CAN GIVE US ALL THE WORST JOBS!!

AND WE WANT TO SET UP OUR OWN SQUADRON!!

AND WE DEMAND UNIFORMS OF OUR OWN!

???



NOW THAT YOU'VE HEARD OUR TERMS, WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?—AND MAKE IT TOUGH!!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU CAN DO! YOU CAN GO TO—WAIT!... ON SECOND THOUGHT, I'VE A NICE LITTLE ASSIGNMENT!!



GET THE COMPLETE ATTACK PLANS FROM GENERAL VON PLUMP AT HIS HEADQUARTERS IN OSTEND! AND IN YOUR OWN PLANE!

O.K., WE'LL GET THE PLANS IF YOU'LL HAVE SIX UNIFORMS READY WHEN WE RETURN!



HA! THAT'S THE LAST OF THOSE IMPUDENT YANKEES!

ONE SIDE, GREASE-MONKEY WE'RE OFF!!

LOOKIE! ALREADY I GOT A MEDAL!



IT'S A PIP! WHERE'D YA GET IT?

THE CUNNEL GIVE IT TO ME IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT!!

STOP THIEF!

OFFICE



OVER THE CHANNEL THEY GO.....

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!

JEST IGNORE 'EM!

BOOM

BAM



GUTTING THE MOTORS, DEL LANDS THE PLANE NEAR VON PLUMP'S HEADQUARTERS...

THERE! SIMPLE, AIN'T IT?

WHERE'S TH' RECEPTION COMMITTEE?



VON PLUMP'S HOME IS CLOSELY GUARDED...



BUT SPOONERS!

?



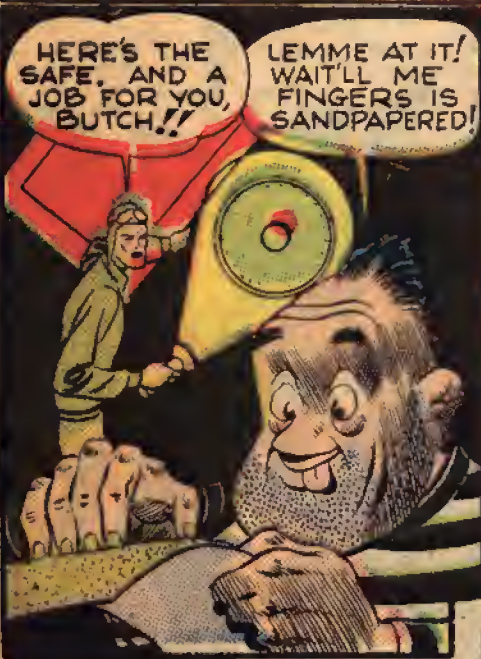
GOOD WORK, HANK!

I DIDN'T RUSTLE CATTLE FER NUTHIN'!





UNDETECTED THEY ENTER VON PLUMP'S OFFICE



HERE'S THE SAFE, AND A JOB FOR YOU, BUTCH!!

LEMME AT IT! WAIT'LL ME FINGERS IS SANDPAPERED!

AAH! THAT FAMILIAR CLICK! ALMOST MAKES ME HOMESICK!



UP MITT DER MITTS!!

GUARDS!

VON PLUMP!



BUT GRAMPS COMES UP FROM BEHIND.....



UGH!

BUMP

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, GRAMPS!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

OH OH! HERE COME THE GUARDS!

TAKE VON PLUMP'S ROBE OFF AN' SLIT TH' SLEEVES AT THE SHOULDERS



WANK REPLACES THE ROBE AND SLIDES HIS ARMS INTO THE SLEEVES!



VOT ISS?

TROUBLE, JA?

BACK TO DER DUM-GOOZLED STANDS, YUH DAD BURNED. LOP-EARED — (oops) HEEL HITLER!

DER GENERAL ISS NUTS! HEIL HITLER!

JA! HEIL HITLER!



WOW! WHERE DID YOUSE LOIN GOIMAN FROM? A DASHUND?

WHAT YA SQUAWKIN' ABOUT? IT DID TH' TRICK, DIDN'T IT?

QUIT GABBIN' AND COME ON!



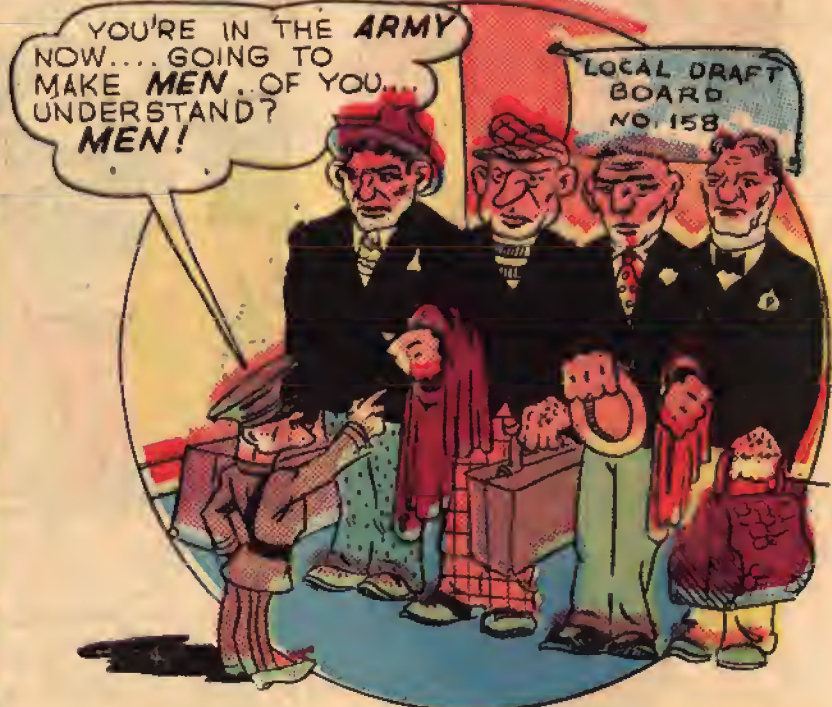
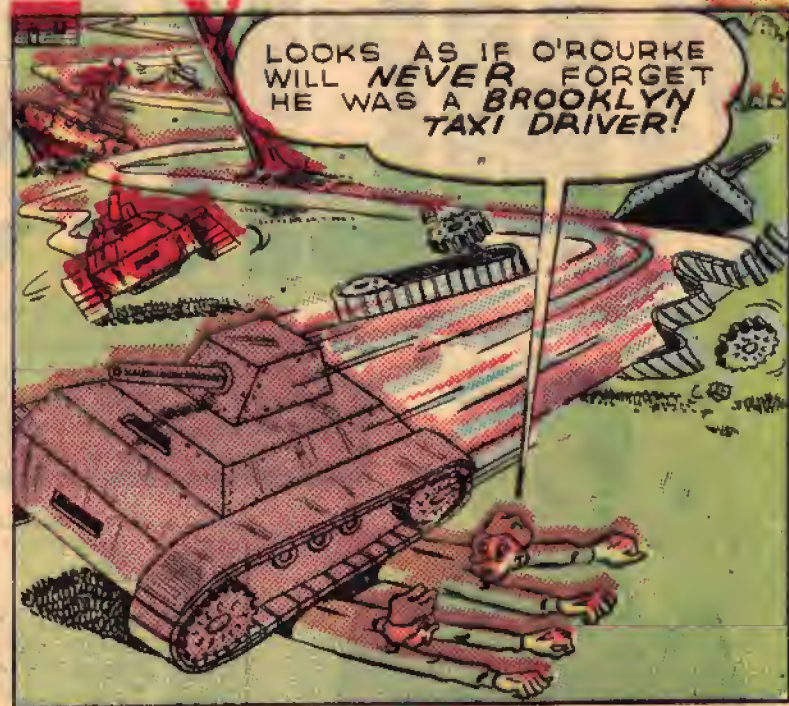
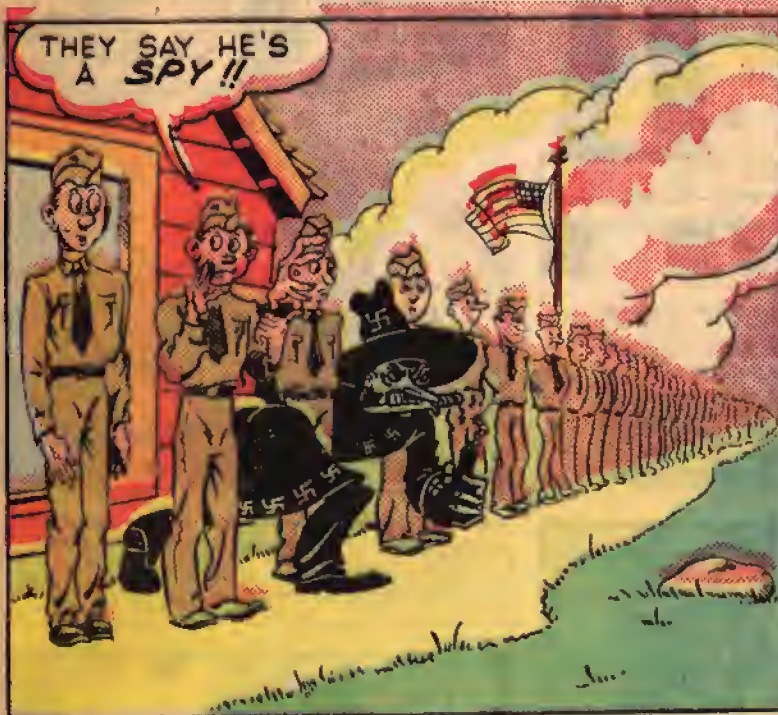




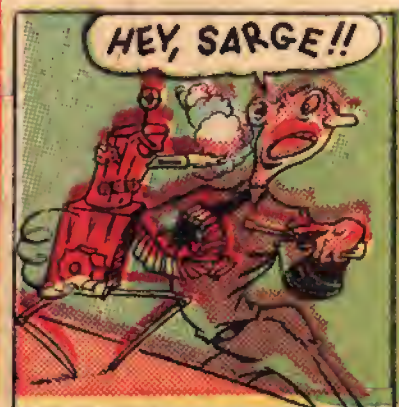
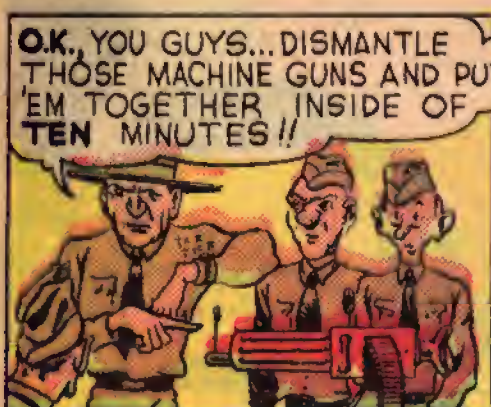


# SABOTAGE

By... TEX  
BLAISELL



## CAMP CAPERS.....THE MACHINE GUN DRILL.....By LANE FRENCH

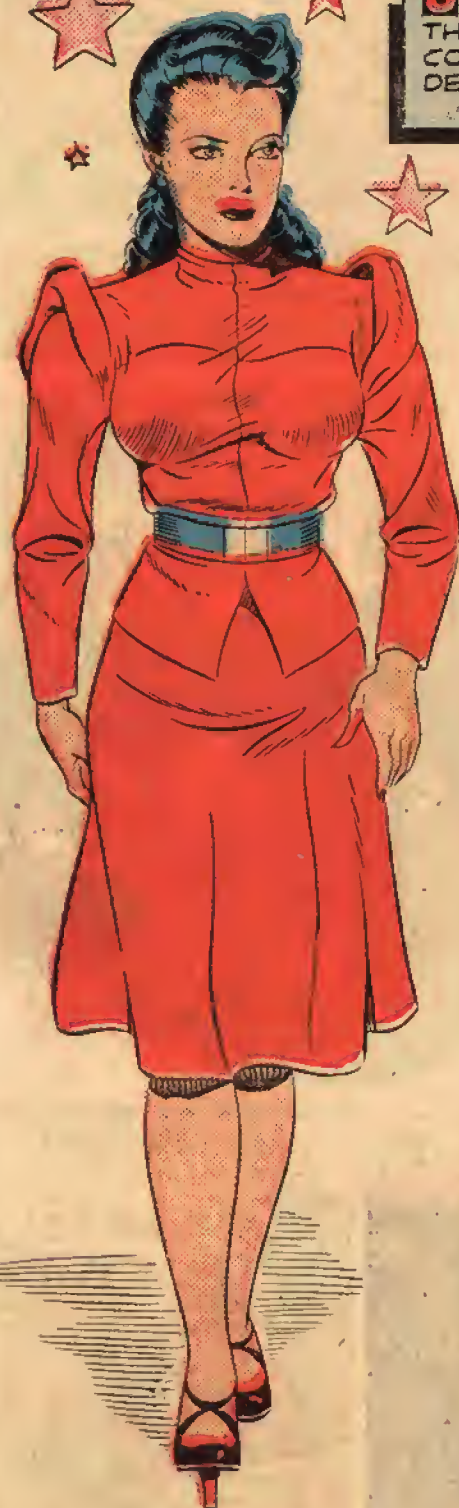




# Miss AMERICA

El Wexler

OUT OF THE VERY HEART OF THE SPIRIT THAT IS AMERICA COMES A NEW CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY... YOUNG JOAN DALE, REPORTER..



GOSH! JUST THINK OF ALL THE GOOD A PERSON COULD DO IF THEY HAD THE **POWERS** THAT THE STATUE OF LIBERTY MUST POSSESS!! I WISH I HAD THEM, BUT... OH WELL... GEE, I'M SLEEPY!



I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID AND I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU MY **MAGIC POWERS** SO THAT YOU MAY GIVE YOUR COUNTRY THE HELP IT NEEDS!! PROMISE YOU WILL DO YOUR BEST!



HAVING AN HOUR'S TIME BEFORE SHE MEETS HER BOSS, JOAN TAKES THE FERRY TO BEDLOE'S ISLAND...



SLOWLY JOAN'S EYES CLOSE AND SHE FALLS ASLEEP... SUDDENLY THE STATUE STEPS DOWN AND CALLS HER..

JOAN!  
JOAN!



I PROMISE!  
I WILL NEVER LET YOU DOWN... NEVER!!





SUDDENLY, JOAN AWAKENS AND SITS UP WITH A START...

GOSH! I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP! WHAT A **STRANGE DREAM!!**

IF ONLY IT WERE **TRUE!** WHY I COULD POINT TO THAT TREE AND SAY **DISAPPEAR** AND...

OH!! WHAT..?! W..WHY IT **DID!!** T..THE TREE DID **DISAPPEAR!!**

IT IS **TRUE!!** SHE HAS GIVEN ME HER POWERS OF **MAGIC!!** I WON'T FAIL YOU!! I **PROMISE** I WON'T!!

LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT WITH EMPLOYER, JOAN HURRIES TO THE FERRY...HALF-WAY TO THE MAINLAND, AN OLD MAN STARTS TO MAKE A **SPEECH...**

SHOUTING THE VIRTUES OF DEMOCRACY AND DEPLORING THE METHODS OF THE **DICTATORS**, HE IS SUDDENLY SET UPON BY A GANG OF **RUFFIANS**.

RUSHING TO HIS AID, JOAN GESTURES AND TURNS THE **HOODLUMS** INTO **DOVES...**

THANKS FOR CHASING THOSE THUGS AWAY!! GIRLS LIKE YOU ARE THE REAL **MISS AMERICA!** SPIRIT OF AMERICA!! YOU'RE THE **REAL MISS AMERICA!!**

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE BOAT DOCKS AND JOAN IS MET BY HER **BOSS...**

**COWARDS!!**

MISS AMERICA! MISS AM... THAT'S WHAT I'LL CALL MYSELF!!

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ?? **HURRY!** THERE'S BEEN A **BOMBING** IN NEWARK, GO OVER AND GET A **REPORT!!** HERES A **PASS!**



AN HOUR LATER MISS AMERICA FLASHES HER PASS AND GETS INSIDE THE GATES OF THE BOMBED FACTORY...



QUICKLY SHE GOES TO THE SPOT WHERE AN F.B.I. AGENT IS QUESTIONING THE PLANT'S SUPERINTENDANT.

...AND YOU HAVEN'T ANY IDEA WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS, MR. GROST?

NOPE! ALL MY MEN HAVE BEEN WITH US FOR YEARS!



WHAT D'YOU WANT, MISS?

I'VE COME TO FIND OUT WHO BOMBED THE FACTORY!

OH YOU HAVE, HAVE YOU??



FOR SIX MONTHS THE F.B.I. HAVE BEEN TRYING TO CATCH THESE CULPRITS WITHOUT SUCCESS, AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO SOLVE THE CASE JUST LIKE THAT!! ON YOUR WAY, GIRL, BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!!

SHE MUST THINK SHE'S A MAGICIAN!



DISCONSOLATE, MISS AMERICA WANDERS THROUGH THE WRECKED BUILDING...

THIS LOOKS LIKE A FRAGMENT OF THE BOMB! THIS WILL SHOW ME WHERE THE SABOTEURS ARE...



STEADILY, SHE GAZES INTO THE PIECE OF METAL UNTIL THE PICTURE OF A LARGE HOUSE APPEARS...



I KNOW WHERE THAT IS!! I'LL GO THERE RIGHT AWAY!! IF THE AUTHORITIES WON'T HELP ME, I'LL CAPTURE THEM MYSELF!!



AN HOUR LATER A PUFF OF SMOKE APPEARS OUTSIDE OF A LOVELY MANSION IN JERSEY, AND SUDDENLY THERE STANDS MISS AMERICA...



W..WHY IT'S MR. GROST, THE BOSS OF THE BOMBED FACTORY!

THEY NEVER CAUGHT WISE!! NOW LISTEN, HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO NEXT...





I'VE PAID THE WATCHMAN AT THE BURTIS AIRPLANE COMPANY TO LET US IN TONIGHT, SO HERE'S WHAT YOU DO . . .



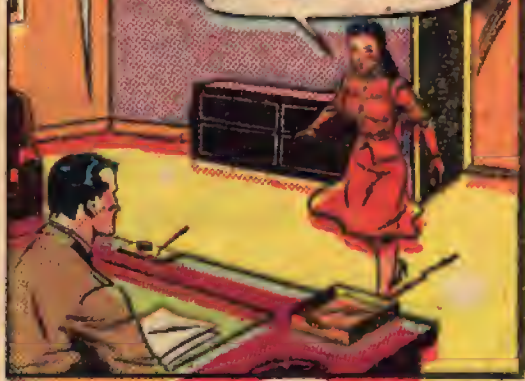
THEY'RE GOING TO WRECK THE BURTIS COMPANY'S PLANT TONIGHT!! I HAVE TO WARN THE F.B.I.!! THEY'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME THIS TIME!!



RUSHING TO THE FEDERAL BUILDING, MISS AMERICA IS FINALLY ADMITTED INTO THE CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE . . .

OH! SO IT'S YOU AGAIN!

PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME!! I'VE FOUND OUT WHO IS THE LEADER OF THE SABOTAGE RING!!



HELLO INSPECTOR . . . BUSY?

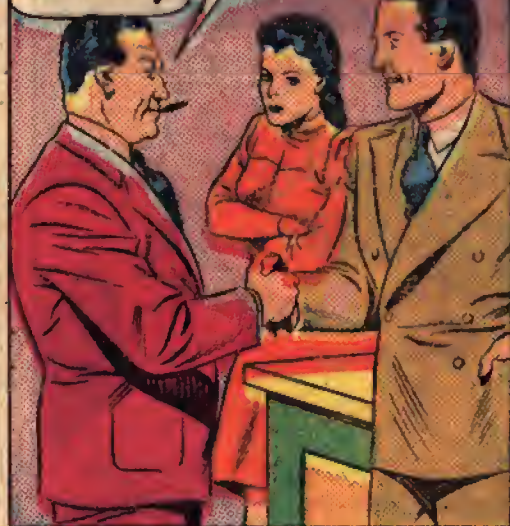
THERE HE IS! HE'S THE LEADER OF THE GANG!!!

MR. GROST? OH, FOR . . . OF ALL THE SILLY NONSENSE!! GO ON! GET OUT OF HERE AND STOP WASTING MY TIME, JOAN!!



I'M SORRY, MR. GROST... WE HAVE CRANKS LIKE HER COME IN EVERY DAY!

PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT... SKIP IT!



THE FOOLS! THEY WON'T EVEN LISTEN TO ME!! ALL RIGHT!! I'LL STOP THE BOMBING MYSELF!



THAT NIGHT, MISS AMERICA VISITS THE FACTORY ALONE, UNAWARE THAT THREE DARK FIGURES WATCH FROM THE SHADOWS . . .



THE BOSS WAS RIGHT! IT'S HER! COME ON!!

JUMPING FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE, THE THUGS LEAP AT THE GIRL . . .



AS THEY GRAB AT HER, MISS AMERICA GESTURES, AND THEY TURN INTO TREES





I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE FACTORY... THERE MAY BE OTHERS OF THE GANG AROUND!



AS SHE TURNS A CORNER SHE SEES A FIGURE LIGHTING THE FUSE OF A POWERFUL BOMB...



QUICKLY MISS AMERICA GESTURES...



IN A FLASH THE BOMB FLIES OUT OF THE THUG'S HAND...



WHIRLING ABOUT, IT HURLS ITSELF STRAIGHT AT THE MEN, WHO FLEE IN TERROR..



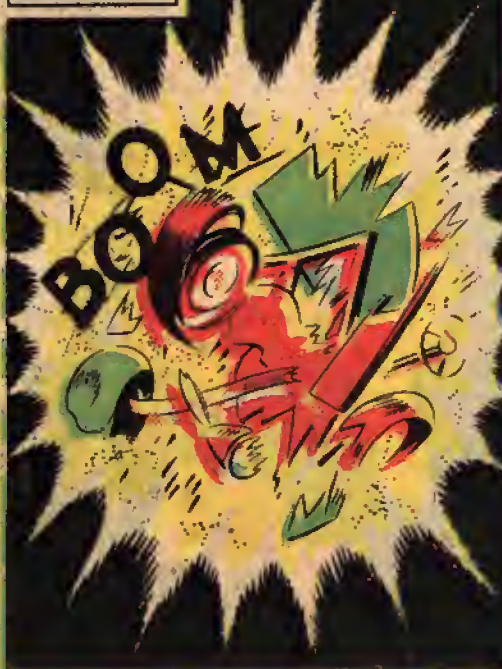
LAZILY, THE BOMB FLOATS AFTER THE MEN AS THEY PILE INTO A CAR...



JAMMING THE CAR INTO GEAR, THE SABOTEURS SPEED AHEAD BUT THE FASTER THEY GO THE FASTER THE BOMB SAILS BEHIND... SLOWLY IT GAINS ON THEM...



UNTIL...



THAT'S THAT! NOW TO GET THE HEAD OF THIS OUTFIT!!





A FEW MINUTES LATER, MISS AMERICA RUNS UP THE WALK OF HER BOSS'S HOME...



WHAT...?! OH! IT'S YOU AGAIN!!



YOU'VE MEDDLED JUST ONCE TOO OFTEN!! I'M GOING TO FINISH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL!!



BEFORE GROST CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, MISS AMERICA GESTURES, AND THE GUN FLIES OUT OF HIS HAND, INTO HER...



NOW TO GIVE YOU YOUR JUST REWARD!!

D..DON'T SHOOT!! PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING!!



ALL RIGHT!! SIGN A COMPLETE CONFESSION AND I WON'T HARM YOU! GO ON!!



AN HOUR LATER A LOUD KNOCK SOUNDS ON THE DOOR OF F.B.I. HEAD-QUARTERS...

O.K..O.K! I'M COMING!



WHAT TH...!!? GROST!! YOU!!



YES! ME! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE PUT ME IN A JAIL BEFORE THAT WILDCAT GETS AT ME AGAIN!!





After my first meal, I carried my bedding up three flights of stairs to my bunk room which I share with twenty-nine other soldiers. This room has about 60 square feet of floor space and 600 cubic feet of air space. I have an iron bed painted white and at the head of my bed is a metal locker for my heavy clothes. At the foot of the bed is a wooden rack for my shoes and a trunk for my small belongings.

After unpacking, I went over to the Quartermaster's office where I received \$65.24 worth of new clothes. I was also told the regulations for wearing my clothes, even down to tucking my new black tie into my shirt just below the third button. Here I was taught how to pack a blanket, a half of a small canvas tent, a rain coat and 27 other odds and ends into a compact bundle which (I am told) fits comfortably on one's back. On the march we are supposed to carry the pack, a cartridge belt, a canteen, a bayonet and scabbard and a nine-and-a-quarter-pound Garand rifle.

This is a great place for numbers. It seems that every time I turn around somebody is giving me another number to remember. So far I have an army serial number, a company number, a rifle number and a clothing number.

Oh, yes! You remember the old scout bugle calls? Well, we have the same thing here only they are a little more strict about them. Reveille is sounded at 6:15 a. m.; assembly at 6:30 a. m., mess calls at 7:00 a. m., noon, and 5:00 p. m.; drill twice a day and Taps at 11:00 p. m.

I learned the oath of enlistment by heart my first day here; now let me see if I can remember it: "I do solemnly swear that I will bear true

faith and allegiance to the United States of America; that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever; and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War."

I'm becoming quite spry after the snappy afternoon drills we have been having. I still hear (some nights in my sleep) that officer hollering: "belly in, chest out, head up and heels together, right face, left face, about face, column right, column left, right oblique, left oblique, right flank, left flank, and to the rear march." And on top of all these orders, every time I touch my nine-and-a-quarter-pound Garand rifle I hear: "right shoulder arms, left shoulder arms, present arms,



order arms, port arms, trail arms, inspection arms, and sling arms."

I've picked up quite a bit of slang around here too. A "slum burner" is a cook. "Snob Hill" is the bachelor officers' quarters and the "K.P. chaser" is the mess sergeant. And incidentally, kitchen police is not a matter of discipline, but of rotation.

Of course I'm not making much money but within four months, my pay will be increased to \$30.00 a month and I have chances of becoming a corporal at \$54.00 and a sergeant at \$60.00.

I get excellent treatment here in case of illness or accident. We have a modern infirmary equipped and staffed to handle all medical and surgical cases.

So, Dick, I can't complain at all. In fact I'm quite content here. The fellows are all a swell bunch and with good food and sleep without worries, I imagine I will be quite a changed man when my time is up... THANKS TO UNCLE SAM.



## U.S. ARMY INSIGNIAS



GENERAL



LIEUTENANT GENERAL



MAJOR GENERAL



BRIGADIER GENERAL



COLONEL



(SILVER)

LIEUTENANT COLONEL



(GOLD)

MAJOR



(SILVER)

CAPTAIN



(SILVER)

FIRST LIEUTENANT



(GOLD)

SECOND LIEUTENANT



MASTER SERGEANT



FIRST SERGEANT



TECHNICAL SERGEANT



STAFF SERGEANT



SERGEANT



CORPORAL



PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS  
WEAR INSIGNIA OF RANK  
ON SHOULDER STRAPS...  
NON-COMS AND PRIVATES  
ON SLEEVES...



CAPTAIN  
FOGHORN

BOB

DICK

FRECKLES

Q-BOAT

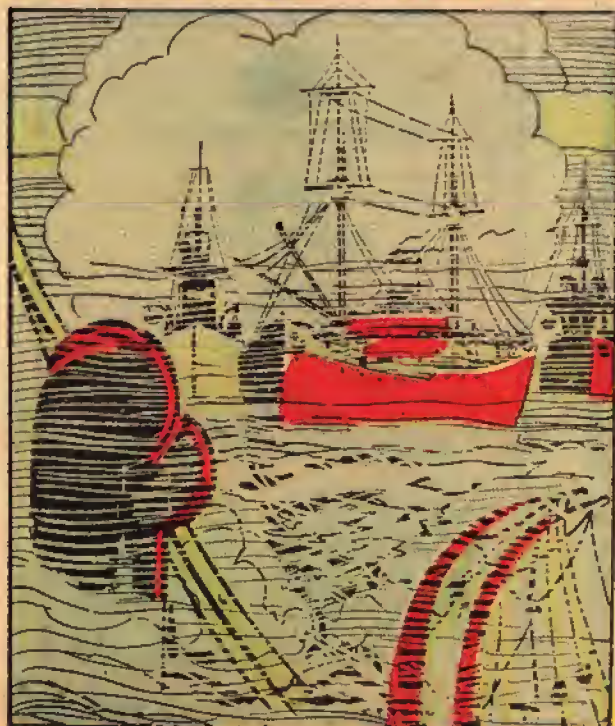
FEARED BY ALL THE  
BRITISH CONVOYS, THE  
NAZI RAIDER, "KAISER ADOLF",  
SAILS THE NORTH ATLANTIC  
UNCHECKED, LEAVING BEHIND IT  
A TRAIL OF SUNKEN SHIPS....  
ONE DAY A NEW SHIP PICKS  
UP THE PATH OF THE RAIDER...  
A HARMLESS LOOKING FOUR-  
MASTED SCHOONER...

SLOWLY PICKING ITS WAY THROUGH  
THE HEAVY FOG, A BRITISH CONVOY  
CARRIES MUCH-NEEDED MEAT  
SUPPLIES TO BRITAIN...

SUDDENLY THE WATCH OF  
THE "BERYL M" PEERS  
INTO THE NIGHT, AS THE  
SOUND OF MANY VOICES  
LIFTED IN SONG PIERCES  
THE THICK MISTS...

SIGNALLING THE REST OF THE  
SHIPS TO FLEE, THE "BERYL  
M" GALLANTLY TURNS TO  
MEET THE NAZI BATTLESHIP...

HORST WESSEL  
TODAY WE OWN  
GERMANY...  
TOMORROW  
THE WORLD...





BOLDLY, THE BERYL M STEAMS STRAIGHT TOWARD THE RAIDER ... A DECOY TO COVER THE ESCAPE OF THE REST OF THE CONVOY ...

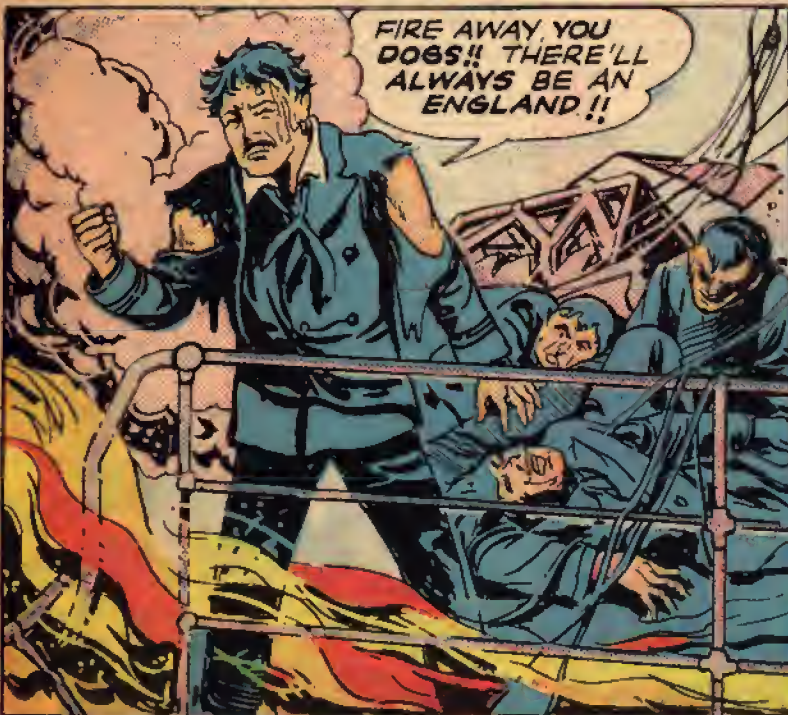
IN THE CONTROL TOWER OF THE KAISER ADOLF, CAPTAIN VON MARZ STARES WIDE-EYED AT THE SHIP ...



CALMLY THE CAPTAIN OF THE BERYL M PREPARES TO DIE FIGHTING ...

A SIGNAL FROM THE BRIDGE AND THE RAIDER'S HUGE CANNONS OPEN FIRE ...

VALIANTLY THE BERYL M RETURNS THE FIRE WITH ITS SOLITARY GUN ...



HOPELESSLY OUTCLASSSED, THE GALLANT SHIP IS SOON SENT TO THE BOTTOM, ITS FLAG WAVING PROUDLY TO THE END ...



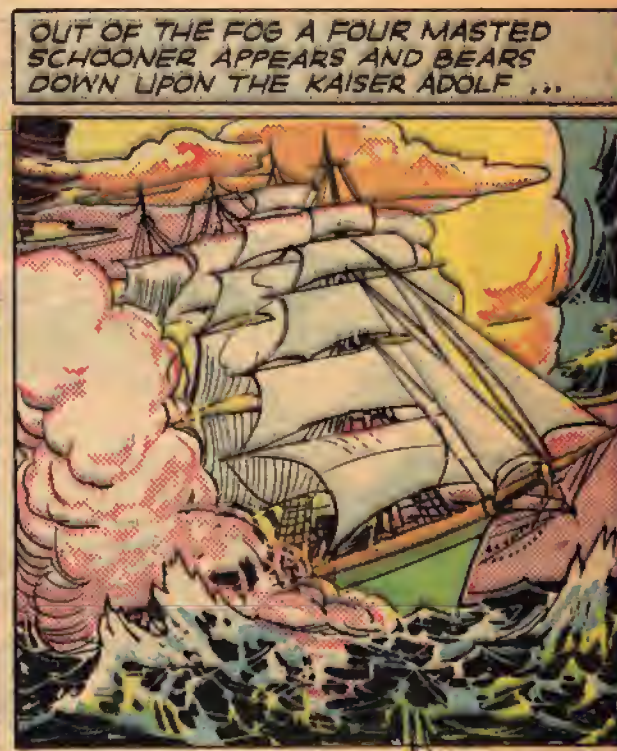




LEAVE THOSE DOGS  
IN THE WATER!! WE  
HAVEN'T TIME TO  
PICK THEM UP!!  
WE MUST GET THE  
REST OF THE  
CONVOY!!  
FULL  
SPEED  
AHEAD!!



SUDDENLY THE LOOKOUT  
OF THE RAIDER IS START-  
LED...



OUT OF THE FOG A FOUR MASTED  
SCHOONER APPEARS AND BEARS  
DOWN UPON THE KAISER ADOLF...



INCREDIBLE!! THE BRITISH  
CAN'T BE SO BAD OFF THAT  
THEY USE OLD FASHIONED  
SHIPS... LOOK! SHE BEARS  
NO MARKINGS ON HER  
HULL!!!



SHE.. SHE'S  
THE FLYING  
DUTCHMAN!!  
... A GHOST  
SHIP THAT'S  
WHAT!!



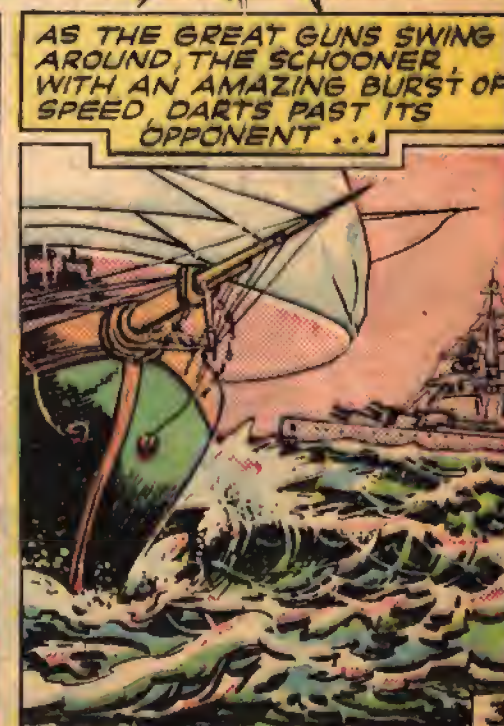
SLOWLY  
THE FLAG  
RISES ON  
THE MAST  
OF THE  
SCHOONER..



...AND THE ENSIGN OF THE  
ALBATROSS WAVES IN THE  
BREEZE...



DONNERWETTER!!! WHAT KIND  
OF JOKE IS THIS?? TRAIN  
THE FORWARD GUNS ON  
THAT SHIP!! SINK HER!!  
FORWARD GUNS FIRE!!



AS THE GREAT GUNS SWING  
AROUND, THE SCHOONER,  
WITH AN AMAZING BURST OF  
SPEED, DARTS PAST ITS  
OPPONENT...



QUICKLY THE SCHOONER TURNS ABOUT AS ITS SAILORS FURL SAIL AND PREPARE FOR ACTION...

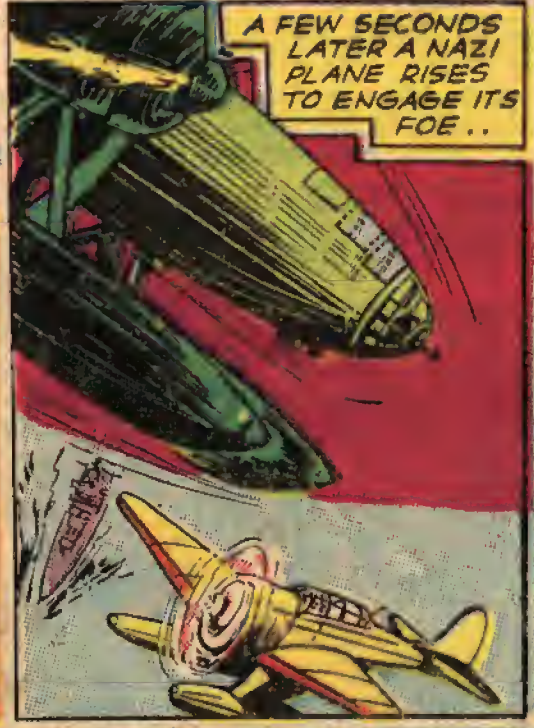


DONNERWETTER!!  
A Q-BOAT!!  
SEND UP A PLANE  
AND SHOOT  
HER AVIATOR  
DOWN!!!

YES,  
HERR  
KAPITAN!!



A FEW SECONDS  
LATER A NAZI  
PLANE RISES  
TO ENGAGE ITS  
FOE..



DESPERATELY THE NAZI GUNNER  
TRIES TO DRAW AHEAD ON THE  
DARTING PLANE...



HIMMEL!! WHAT A FLIER!!  
I HAVE NEVER SEEN  
SUCH SPEED AND  
TRICKS!!

WITH A FLASHING MANEUVER, THE  
PLANE GETS ON THE NAZIS' TAIL  
AND TURNS IT INTO A FLAMING MASS.



MEANWHILE THE MYSTERY SHIP  
POURS SHELL AFTER SHELL INTO  
THE KAISER ADOLF..



BAD NEWS, HERR  
KAPITAN... THE  
FRONT TURRET IS  
OUT O' COMMISSION!!  
THAT SHIP... SHE'S  
TOO FAST FOR US!!



LIKE A MAD HORNET, THE  
ALBATROSS STINGS THE  
RAIDER WITH ITS POWERFUL  
GUNS...



TEN MINUTES LATER THE ONCE  
PROUD KAISER ADOLF IS  
REDUCED TO A PILE OF  
TWISTED IRON...





ON THE DECK OF THE  
SCHOONER ALBATROSS...

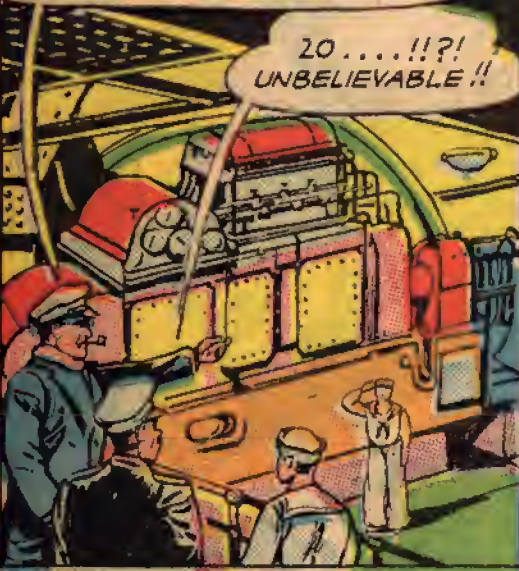




CAPTAIN FOGHORN SHOWS VON MARZ THE SHIP'S ENGINES...

MY SON-IN-LAW INVENTED THESE ENGINES ... 20,000 HORSEPOWER A PIECE ...

20.....!!?! UNBELIEVABLE!!



FEEL THE HULL ... IT'S METAL ONLY AN INCH THICK BUT IT CAN STOP AN EIGHT-INCH SHELL!!

AND IT'S LIGHTER THAN DURALUMINUM!!



... AN' WE GOT TWO EIGHT-INCH GUNS AN' FOUR FOUR-INCH GUNS .. ALL CAMOUFLAGED!



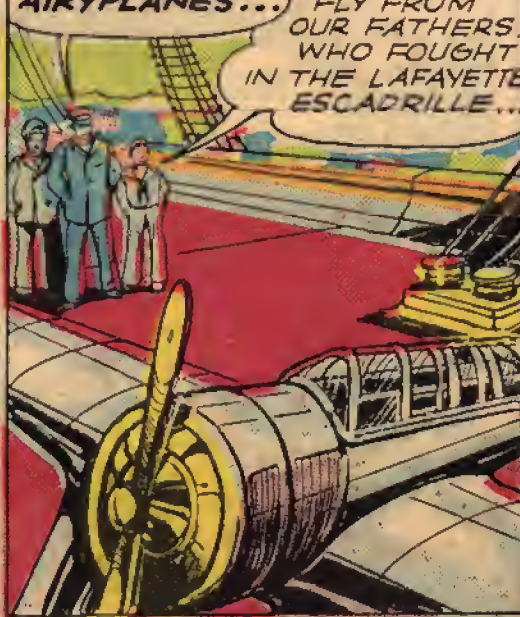
MULTIPLE TORPEDO TUBES.. TWO AFT AN' TWO FOR'ARD.

THE TORPEDOES ARE OUR SPECIAL INVENTIONS ... THEY EXPLODE UPON STRIKING THE HULL AND SEND A DELAYED ACTION PROJECTILE INTO THE SHIP.



WE'RE MODERN, EVEN TO AIRPLANES...

DICK AND I LEARNED TO FLY FROM OUR FATHERS. WHO FOUGHT IN THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE...



WHAT A SHIP!! HA..HA..HA.. HO..HO..HO!!!

WHAT'RE YOU LAUGHING AT?



FOOLS!! YOU'RE TOO LATE!! AT THIS MOMENT, OUR NEW BATTLESHIP, THE 38,000 TON KRONZPRINZ ALBRECHT IS STEAMING TO RAID AND CAPTURE AN ICELAND OUTPOST!!



OH- IT IS, EH? ALL HANDS ABOARD TO CAST OFF!!



IMMEDIATELY THE ALBATROSS BECOMES A HIVE OF ACTION...

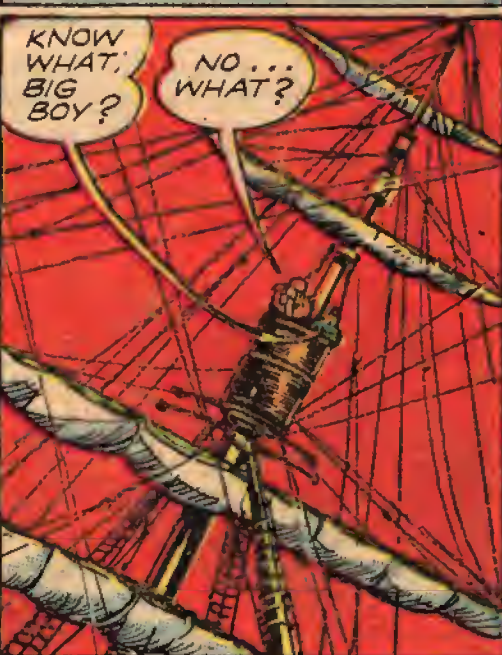




HER ENGINES CHURNING MIGHTILY, THE ALBATROSS RACES ACROSS THE NORTH ATLANTIC TOWARD ICELAND ...



AN HOUR LATER, ON THE FOREMAST CROSS TREES ...



KNOW WHAT, BIG BOY?

NO ... WHAT?

I CAN MAKE AN AERIAL TORPEDO OUTA AN EIGHT-INCH SHELL !!

YOU CAN WHAT?



I SAID I CAN MAKE AN AERIAL TORPEDO OUTA AN EIGHT-INCH SHELL !!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, SMALL FRY !!



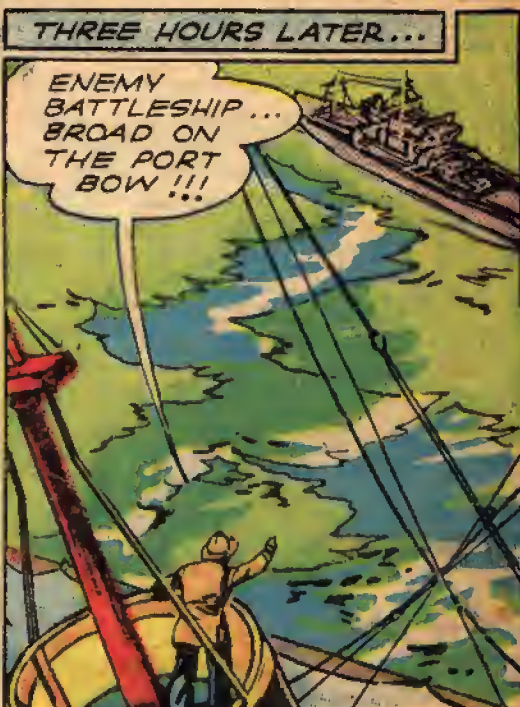
ALL RIGHT WISE GUY! I'LL SHOW YOU !!

AW, PHOOEY!



THREE HOURS LATER ...

ENEMY BATTLESHIP ... BROAD ON THE PORT BOW !!!



CLEAR THE DECKS FOR ACTION !!



TWO HALVES OF A FALSE LIFE BOAT ARE PULLED ...



ALL SET, SIR !!

LOAD THE GUN !!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

AS THE LADS RAM HOME A SHELL, DICK REACHES THE DECK ...



I'VE GOT TO GET INTO MY FLYING TOGS, QUICK !!

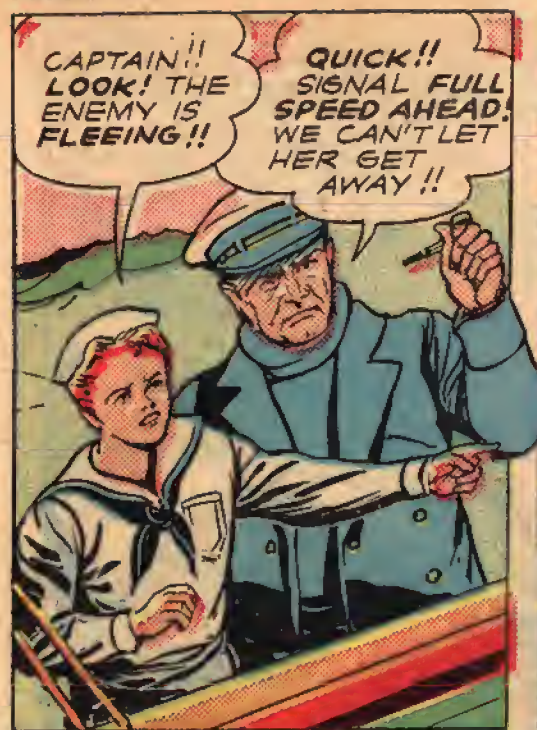




DICK CHANDELLES AND DIVES ON THE KRONZPRINZ ALBRECHT..

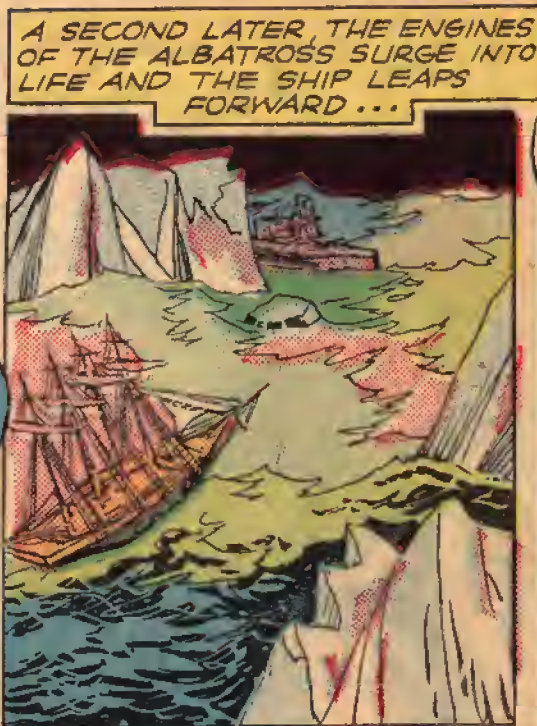






CAPTAIN!!  
LOOK! THE  
ENEMY IS  
FLEEING!!

QUICK!!  
SIGNAL FULL  
SPEED AHEAD!  
WE CAN'T LET  
HER GET  
AWAY!!



A SECOND LATER, THE ENGINES  
OF THE ALBATROSS SURGE INTO  
LIFE AND THE SHIP LEAPS  
FORWARD...



IT'LL TAKE  
US HOURS  
TO DO HER IN  
WITH OUR GUNS,  
SIR... SHALL WE  
FIRE THE TOR-  
PEDOES?

RIGHT!  
TORPEDO  
TUBES  
STAND  
BY!!



A QUICK COMMAND AND THE  
ALBATROSS POURS FORTH ITS  
MESSAGES OF DESTRUCTION...



WE GOT HER!!  
SHE'S DONE  
FOR, CAPTAIN!!

SEND OUT OUR  
LIFEBOATS  
AND PICK UP  
THE SURVIVORS!  
SHARP NOW... WE  
WANT TO GET TO  
REYKJAVIK TO-  
NIGHT!!



WITH EFFICIENT SMOOTHNESS,  
THE SUNKEN BATTLESHIP'S  
CREW ARE PICKED UP AND THE  
ALBATROSS HEADS FOR REYK-  
JAVIK, WHERE IT LANDS SEV-  
ERAL HOURS LATER...



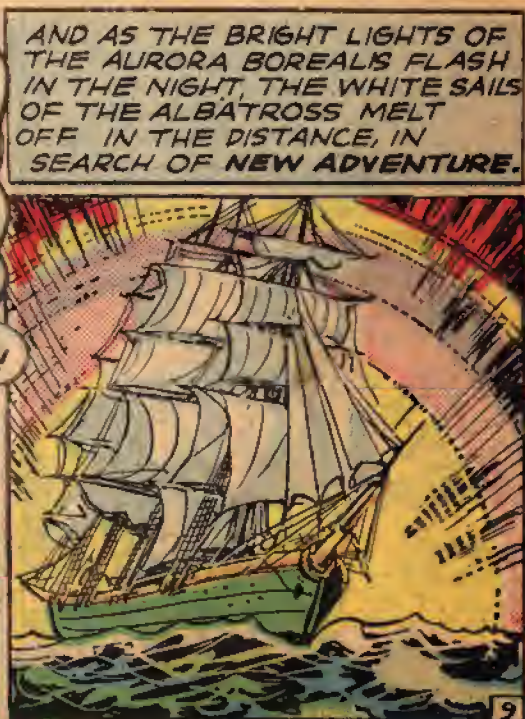
WELL, THERE  
THEY GO! I'M  
GLAD WE COULD  
SAVE SOME OF  
THEM ANYWAY!

YES... AND THE PEOPLE  
OF ICELAND ARE  
SAVED FROM  
AGGRESSION, TOO!!

WHERE  
WILL  
WE GO  
NOW,  
CAPTAIN?

I DON'T  
KNOW, SON,  
I DON'T  
KNOW... BUT  
WHEREVER  
WE GO, WE'RE

GOING THERE TO  
FIGHT FOR A MAN'S  
RIGHT TO THINK  
AND DO AS HE  
PLEASES! WE WON'T  
REST, BOY, UNTIL  
THE DICTATORS ARE  
PUSHED OFF THE MAP!  
WEIGH ANCHOR!!



AND AS THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF  
THE AURORA BOREALIS FLASH  
IN THE NIGHT, THE WHITE SAILS  
OF THE ALBATROSS MELT  
OFF IN THE DISTANCE, IN  
SEARCH OF NEW ADVENTURE.



# TAKE A TIP FROM A NAVY TORPEDO



## SPEED

To maintain their fast cruising speed of over 300 m.p.h., U. S. Navy's torpedo bombers must deliver maximum power per pound of weight. Remember this when you buy bike tires. Get the U.S. Royal Rider. Its stronger, lighter-weight Rayon construction means more speed for you.



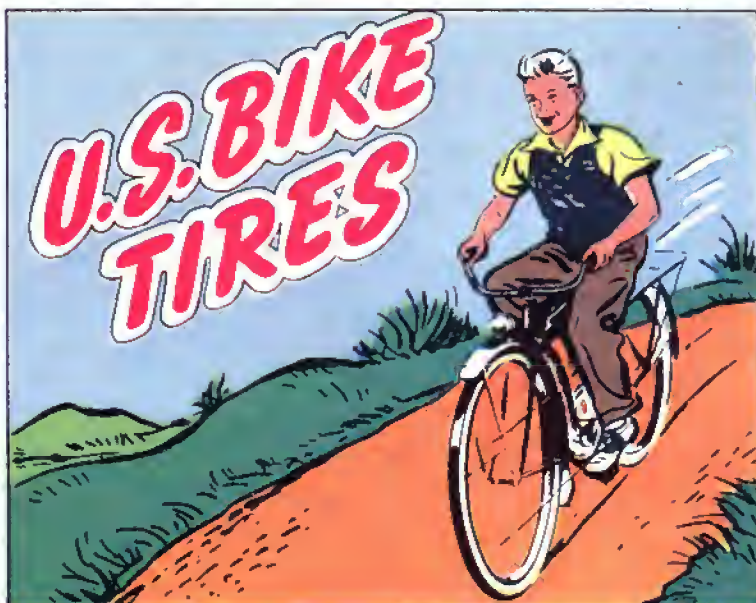
## CONTROL

Diving at terrific speed . . . releasing torpedoes point-blank a few feet above the sea . . . these planes must have perfect control and maneuverability. In U. S. Royal Riders, 7 riding ribs plus 2 traction ribs control skids, assure quick stops on wet roads or dry.



## STRENGTH

Stress and strain from heavy loads, quick dives and pull-outs call for the strongest yet lightest metal construction. Rayon Cords in Royal Rider Tires give you this same kind of lightweight strength the Navy builds into torpedo planes.



If you want to see something you won't forget in a month of Sundays, examine this new Royal Rider at your U.S. Bike Tire Dealer's. See all its unique performance features. Then, when you're ready for new tires, buy U.S. Royal Rider—the tire that's built like a fighter plane.

UNITED STATES

549 East Georgia Street



RUBBER COMPANY

Indianapolis, Indiana



# Train Your Feet for Active Sports



Keds Booster oxford



Keds All Sport oxford



Keds Gamester oxford



Bike Keds



For Better Footwork  
 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
**Keds**  
 the Shoe of Champions

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY • Rockefeller Center, New York

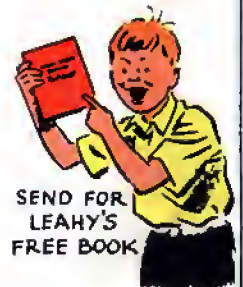


**"You Don't Have To Sit in the Stands Unless You Want To,"**  
 says FRANK LEAHY

When a friend of mine made this remark to his son, the boy turned to me to ask, "Mr. Leahy, is that true?" Before answering, I thought back a few years to teams I had played on, teams I had coached. I thought of star linemen who were short on weight, but long on courage—of slender boys weaving their way through broken fields for touchdowns. Yet most people thought them too small, too slight to play in varsity games. Then I answered the boy: "Your dad is correct, 100%. You can learn to do some one thing well enough to give you a chance to play rather than watch from the bench."

Giving all boys a chance to become active in sports was the reason I accepted the position as head of the Keds Sports Department six years ago. Naturally, I've long been interested in helping boys develop better footwork. I am now writing a book on football. It will not be for the varsity man, but for you young chaps who are eager to become first stringers some day. If you would like to have a copy when it is ready, send your name and address to Keds Department CM, United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

*Frank Leahy*



SEND FOR LEAHY'S FREE BOOK